

FRANCIS W. LEE'S NEWSPAPER

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"REPUDIATION."

We hope Congress, the State Legislatures, Chambers of Commerce, and Commercial as well as Political Conventions, and all and sundry public bodies whatever, will stop "resolving" that we intend to pay, and will pay, our debts. The notion of repudiation has no hold in the country, and even the few poor devils who do gabble about it would hesitate before taking any practical measures toward its realization. We all know that. There is no political capital to be made by trying to

fasten the odium of favoring repudiation upon any party or fraction of a party, for there is none to which it can fairly attach. The vote in the House of Representatives of every member of that body except one, in favor of repudiating repudiation, ought to be conclusive on that point. Therefore, let the base proposition, that has few friends, and no supporters, rest where it is buried, and say no more about it. It is our very talk against its enormity, and our solemn and frequent resolves against it, that is damaging us. What should we think of the man who should be eternally as-

serting the virtue of his wife or daughter, or, rather, what would we think of them? Certainly that they needed vindication!

We honestly believe that the relatively low credit of our securities abroad is largely due to this unnecessary and utterly empty babble about the atrocity of repudiation, and to the frequent resolves of our public bodies and organizations against it. Where there is so much smoke, timid capital can hardly fail to suspect there is some fire, and cautious capital abstains from the most profitable of all investments in Gov-

ernment securities, as well as the safest, to make itself perfectly sure in its operations. Otherwise how is it possible that British three per cent. Consuls should stand at 92, while United States six per cents. stand at 86? It may be said, and we have heard the explanation offered, not that foreign capitalists fear out-and-out repudiation, but because they fear they will be obliged to receive their interest in greenbacks. But even then, with gold at only twenty per cent. premium, they would yet receive five per cent. in gold! That, therefore, is not the reason for the vast difference, and if



MASSACHUSETTS.—THE PEABODY FUNERAL—DEPOSITING THE REMAINS OF THE LATE GEORGE PEABODY IN THE PEABODY TOMB, HARMONY GROVE, AT PEABODY, FORMERLY SOUTH DANVERS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 401.

there were no other, our six per cents. should stand at 154 to be on par with the British threec. Why, Russian four and a half securities stand at 92, and even Argentine sixes at 88.

And this brings us back where we started: it is our stupid discussion of a thing not contemplated and utterly impossible, that keeps down the price of our securities abroad. Were it not for this, we should certainly be able to refund or consolidate our entire debt at four per cent., and throw off by this single measure two-sixths or one-third of our heavy burden of taxation—and diminish at the same time, and to the same extent, the force of the reasons for entertaining the wretched proposition of repudiation. Therefore, let us hold our peace on this unprofitable subject.

FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 26, 1870.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves as such are imposters.

ASSASSINATION OF AMERICANS IN CUBA.

The telegraph tells us that one, it may turn out three, more American lives have been sacrificed in Havana to Spanish hate and barbarism, while the unatoned blood of Cohen still cries from the ground. And what has been done? Does the Administration suppose for a moment that "earnest protests" weigh a grain against Spanish fury, or that "energetic remonstrances" will give protection to American citizens? Their value is shown in this new and bloodiest outrage. Four American citizens—Greenwald, Foster, Johnson and Wells—are walking quietly through the streets of Havana, when they are set upon by Spanish ruffians, one killed outright, and two others fearfully and probably mortally wounded, while the fourth, badly hurt, barely saves his life by a precipitate flight.

Of course we are told that the Captain-General is much afflicted by this "deplorable occurrence," and that he is exerting himself to arrest and punish the offenders; but nobody has been, nobody will be, arrested, and nobody will be punished. The fact is, if the so-called Spanish authorities in Cuba undertook seriously to ferret out and punish these and similar outrages, they would soon be driven from the island as Dulce was. There is no rule remaining there except that of violence. There reigns a grand saturnalia of assassination, and deeds are done daily that curdle the blood of the civilized world. It may be our technical duty to stand by with folded arms while devilish vengeance is visited on the Cuban patriots and sympathizers, but we are not called upon to avert our faces when our own citizens are slaughtered by the savages that are depopulating Cuba, and making a desert of the fairest island of the Antilles. If the Government has only barren sympathies for a people struggling against fearful odds for independence and republicanism, it certainly has duties, and most sacred among them is that of protection of its citizens.

Had outrages corresponding with those we have recounted been perpetrated by the Fejee Islanders, who claim to be nothing more than savages, how long would it have been before an American fleet would have been on its way to visit on the impotent wretches the punishment of their crime? Did we not bravely bombard and destroy the village of San Juan del Norte, because of an alleged insult to a drunkard who bore the commission of a United States Minister? And yet our unoffending citizens in Cuba are executed under sentences from drum-head court-martials, of whose proceedings they do not understand a word, or shot down like dogs in the shadow of the Captain-General's palace, and almost within sight of our shores, with complete impunity. As we have said before, it is as good as the positions, if not the lives, of the so-called authorities are worth, to attempt to overrule the decisions of the drum-head courts, or to arrest and punish, even if they desired to do so, the assassins of our countrymen. Does not the Administration recognize this fact? Are its representatives in Cuba so ignorant as not to discern what is obvious to all observers, or are they so involved with Spanish interests as to conceal or pervert the plainest facts?

What deep, sinister influence lies behind and controls the policy of the Government, when it turns a deaf ear to the cries of struggling Freedom, and betrays the first and holiest of the duties it owes to its citizens?

It was not so when Greece, the South American colonies and Hungary appealed to God and man for sympathy and help. It was not so when, in our puny days, we sent Decatur to chastise the piratical States of Northern Africa, and strike the chains from American

captives. It was not so when Ingraham threw the regis of the country over the humble Koszta, and ran the muzzles of his shotguns into the face of Austria!

THE POSTAL TELEGRAPH.

As our readers are already advised, the telegraphic system of Great Britain went into the hands and under the control of the Government on the 1st of January. Of course such a change could not fail to be attended with many hitches and difficulties, and yet we are told that telegraphic business increased, during the first month of the new arrangement, thirty-three per cent., or one-third, with the prospect of its doubling within the year! It is the old story of cheap postage over again. Institutions, if we may so call them, like the mails and the telegraph, require consolidation, unity of direction and action, to be in their highest degree cheap and useful. We have pointed this out in the case of railways, and the principle is vindicated in the rapid fusing of the package expresses. The complaint that all this tends to the concentration of power is plausible, and perhaps real, but is it not better to have that concentration in the hands of the people at large than in those of private individuals, beyond reach, if not wholly irresponsible, and careless of public opinion? Especially if the great public requirements of cheapness, rapidity and responsibility are consulted. The postal telegraph may be grafted on our present mail system without much accession of force or cost. The carriers who now deliver our letters, in the great towns, might also deliver telegraphic messages, with no material increase of their labors, while the inevitable ten, and the frequent fifteen and twenty cents we now pay for the delivery of dispatches would be saved to their recipient. Under Government management we do not doubt that the telegraph could, and would, convey messages at one-half the rates now paid, and prosper exceedingly. The Government would dispense with competing lines, and all that vast array of salaried officers, presidents, directors, secretaries, treasurers, etc., who now fatten on them—a saving in itself almost, if not wholly, equal to half the present receipts of many lines. By all means let us have the postal telegraph. Every country in Europe has it, and in all it is successful.

COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION.

We notice that Mr. Jenckes's bill, providing for an examination of all candidates for the civil service under certain grades, is again before Congress.

Competitive examination is advocated on the assumption that it is equivalent to appointment by merit instead of by personal interest. Within certain limits this is plainly true. A man who comes out at the head of an examination list shows that he possesses certain qualities of intellect, whereas a man appointed merely because he is first cousin once removed, or the constituent of some member of Congress, may be a consummate idiot. A competitive examination will secure at least that persons appointed to any office for which there is much competition shall not be absolute fools; and as fools are, on the whole, the most mischievous class of mankind, it is no small advantage that they should be strained out from some branches of the public service. In short, if we compare the two systems of appointment by jobbery and appointment by examination, it is highly probable that the last will give us the best class of officials.

The tendency of the first plan is to provide for the fools of families at the public expense; the tendency of the second is to encourage the admission of the more energetic and promising youths. It is plain, however, that this advantage is not obtained without a corresponding sacrifice. Competitive examinations, as managed by human beings, do not provide a complete and accurate test of merit, nor even by any means the best test which it is possible to discover. No sane person would ever choose a servant or a confidential clerk by such a process. The fact that a man can correctly answer a certain number of questions in writing is one element to be taken into account in calculating his merit; but it is only one, and, as a rule, by no means the most important. Even as a proof of intelligence it is far from conclusive, and throws next to no light upon his other qualifications.

The best of all possible modes of appointment, in any case to which it is applicable, is appointment by a single person. Assuming that a man is really desirous of selecting the best candidate for the vacant post, that he has the necessary knowledge for deciding upon the qualities required, and that he is not subject to undue pressure from without, he can form a far more accurate judgment than any board of examiners, which necessarily proceeds upon a mechanical process. Competitive examination does not represent the ideally perfect mode of appointment, but is simply a rough mode of meeting certain evils, whilst abandoning the hope of appointment by merit in its widest sense. It is doing

roughly by machinery what can only be done to perfection by individual tact and discretion. In the majority of cases it is no doubt probable that anything like a good system of personal appointment is impossible. We cannot secure the responsibility of the person appointing; the candidates are so numerous that he cannot investigate their claims; the duties are so easy that anybody of ordinary intelligence can discharge them equally well; and it is so much simpler to give such places to interest than to merit that the temptation becomes practically irresistible. It may be fairly argued that in all such cases we should adopt a system which secures at least an approximation to choosing on right principles, because the best system conceivable is out of our power. And at any rate an open competition would be better than the present hybrid scheme, which tries to combine both plans, and causes much disappointment and waste of time to candidates without widening the field sufficiently for any decisive results.

DISENCHANTMENTS.

It is bad enough for Americans to have it proved that Pocahontas never saved John Smith's life at all, and that she was a hoyden girl, running about naked and turning somersaults, at the age of fourteen. But it is worse for the scientific world to find the fine story about Galileo, "It does move, though" shown to be without foundation. His "Private Life," with many new letters, etc., has just been published. It appears he was several times a father without being a husband, was convivial, and by no means austere in any respect. When brought to trial for heresy in maintaining the movement of the earth, he broke down before the prospect of the rack and imprisonment, and, to save himself, made the following abjuration, which will be new to many, if not all, our readers. It runs thus:

"I, Galileo Galilei, son of the late Vincenzo Galilei, of Florence, aged seventy years, tried personally by this court, and kneeling before you the Most Eminent and Reverend Lord Cardinals, Inquisitors General, throughout the Christian Republic, against heretical depravity . . . since I, after having been admonished by this Holy Office entirely to abandon the opinion that the sun was the centre of the universe and immovable, and that the earth was not the centre of the same, and that it moved, and that I was neither to hold, defend, nor teach in any manner whatever, either orally or in writing, the said false doctrine . . . nevertheless, wishing to remove from the minds of your Eminences and all faithful Christians this vehement suspicion reasonably conceived against me, I abjure with a sincere heart and unfeigned faith, I curse and detest the said error and heresies, and generally all and every error and sect contrary to the Holy Catholic Church," etc.

The story that, on rising from his knees, after his formal abjuration, he muttered, "Eppure si muove" (It does move, though), may be still, as we have intimated, employed in sermons and popular lectures, but is baseless. Alone and without support, in the midst of that stern assembly, distressed in mind and suffering in body, we may fairly suppose that, prudent motives apart, his wit, far from being sharpened, had been numbed by despair and anguish at his humiliation.

"THE KING OF THE TONGO ISLANDS."

It seems that the Fejee or Fiji Islands have become enamored of our institutions, and having for several years given over eating missionaries, desire to incorporate themselves in our "great and growing republic." And why not? If only as a counterpoise to the gentle citizens we have acquired in Alaska. Don't we pit Celt against Teuton, and vice versa, in sustaining our political equilibrium? Then why not Fiji against Esquimaux?

This is not, however, the first offer of the Fijis to annex themselves to some powerful nation. In 1859, the head chief, Thakombau, and others, signed a deed of cession to Great Britain, with the conditions that Thakombau should retain the rank and title of Tui Viti (King of Fiji), and that the sum of forty-five thousand dollars claimed by the American Government should be paid for him; in consideration of which he was to make over to Her Majesty two hundred thousand acres of land. The offer was kept pending, and Col. Smythe was sent, meantime, to the islands, as Commissioner of the British Government, who reported that although Thakombau was probably the most powerful of the chiefs, these were independent, and could not be bound by him. He thought, however, their assent might be obtained, but there was no sufficient object to be gained by Great Britain in acquiring the sovereignty of the islands. That the maritime ascendancy of Great Britain was sufficiently assured by the possession of the Australian colonies and New Zealand in that part of the world, and that while the islands lay in the direct route of steamers from California to Australia, they did not lie on the line between Panama and the latter. So the offer of cession was finally declined.

We are rather inclined to favor the acquisition of the Fijis, since there is no doubt that, under our beneficent contact, their inhabitants would soon be civilized—off the face of the earth! We should not greatly object to Santo Domingo, if a like result were probable.

THERE are people into whose heads it would be impossible to force a rational idea, even with a hydraulic press. The stupidest of these are such as say, "Yes, we ought to recognize the Cubans as belligerents—but, the Alabama claims, you know!" Now, what under heaven have the Alabama claims to do with the question, "Is there a war in Cuba, or is there not?" Has it continued long enough to show that it is not a riot, but a revolution?" If, at the end of a year and a half of conflict, we find three well-appointed Spanish armies buried back on their base by the enemies whose stronghold they sought to penetrate, we may pretty certainly accept and recognize the fact of "belligerency." Great Britain had a perfect right to recognize the Southern States as belligerents, at any time she thought proper. She exercised this right with indecent haste, and in an unfriendly spirit, and that is all that we have to complain of. The Alabama matter, however, is totally another affair. The offense here consisted in permitting a British-built, British-manned, and British-armed piratical ship to sail unmolested from a British port to prey on American commerce, under the pretense of being a Southern war-ship, and this has no more relation to the Cuban question now before us than to the proposed dogma of Papal infallibility.

Mr. Secretary of State Fish wrote to Senor Roberts, the Spanish Minister, on the 13th of October last, as follows:

"The civil war in Cuba has continued for a year; battle after battle has been fought, thousands of lives have been sacrificed, and the result is still in suspense. * * * Riquiem, one of the ablest modern writers on International law (one for whom the world is indebted to Spain), says that: Foreign intervention in civil wars may be excusable when the interest of humanity evidently requires it; or when the essential interests of the State are injured by the civil war of a neighboring power. * * * The undersigned has now to remind Mr. Roberts of the frequency with which, in the interest of humanity, he has been obliged to remonstrate against the atrocities and the cruelties which have attended the conflict in Cuba for the last year; and, if these cruelties and this inhumanity have not been confined to one party to the conflict, the force of the justification for intervention assigned by the eminent Spanish authority referred to has been so much the more pressing."

And yet Mr. Fish finds no reason to recognize the Cubans as belligerents!

PRESIDENT BAER, of the Dominican Republic, and "all concerned," will learn from the following paragraph, copied from a daily newspaper, the powerful influence and effect of American civilization on "inferior races." The paragraph runs: "One hundred and seventy-three Indians have been killed by Colonel Baker's expedition, which has just returned to Fort Shaw, Montana. The expedition also destroyed forty-four lodges, with all their winter supplies, and captured three hundred horses. Colonel Baker reports his own loss as one man killed and one wounded." "Come into my parlor said the spider to the fly!"

THE Regents of the Michigan University, at Ann Arbor, now admit ladies to the full advantages of the university training. The dormitory system was long ago abolished, and all the students find their places for board and lodging wherever conveniences are offered in the city. There is nothing to be done in the university buildings, after the applicants for admission are found qualified, except for the professor to designate the classes which a student—male or female—shall enter, give out the lessons, fix the hour of recitation, and hear and examine the given classes at the time fixed.

A DAILY contemporary says of the prospective influx of the Chinese: "Chinese laborers don't strike, don't get drunk, don't attend political meetings, don't march in processions, don't 'soger,' never stop work to talk or tell stories. They obey orders unquestioningly, keep quiet, and labor steadily. They would not take an eight-hour law if it were given to them."

AMONG the newspapers published in London for transmission abroad, and designed to convey such information as other countries and the colonies are chiefly interested in, the best are the *Anglo-American Times* and the *European Mail*. The first is more distinctly American, as its name implies, but both give much useful information on all subjects, and are, in every sense, valuable.

ABOUT the Bonaparte-Noir murder, it has been justly remarked, "It is exceedingly awkward." If Prince Pierre is acquitted, the acquittal will be declared to be due to contempt of the people; if he is condemned, his sentence will diminish the respect felt for the Imperial

family; if he is declared insane, the most probable verdict, the incident will be quoted as proof of the ferocity which has grown up under the Empire. In any case, it is a severe blow to the dynasty, which is probably "gone up" in any case.

MR. BIERSTADT has not been a day too early in denying that certain pictures attributed to him in the "Thompson" collection recently sold are really his. Indeed, he says he "never saw" them. As regards those that are his, he adds: "It is true that Mr. Thompson bought a few of my earliest sketches, made before I thought of becoming an artist, as the public will see if they take the trouble to examine them; but there are others, as I said before, that are falsely attributed to me."

THE Philadelphia "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" has received \$6,674.62 during the past year, and expended \$4,529.97. They have erected three fountains; published "Hints to owners of horses and mules, grooms and drivers," copies of the recent "act for the punishment of cruelty to animals in this Commonwealth," and an edition of "A Plea for the Dumb Creation," and reported 497 cases of cruelty. Twenty thousand dollars has been lately presented to the society by L. Morris Wain, Esq., the President.

MR. PARKE GODWIN, formerly managing editor of the New York *Evening Post*, a gentleman of tried literary ability, has taken the editorship of *Putnam's Magazine*.

WHAT SHALL WE EAT?

BY A. K. GARDNER, M.D.

If you have an ostrich stomach, the question need only be, What shall I get to eat? You can eat anything and everything. There are stomachs capable of digesting anything. We read of mountebanks who swallow jackknives, table-knives, and long pieces of metal. Many have doubted whether this is really done, or whether it is only a piece of jugglery.

It is a melancholy fact that human nature becomes so degraded, that there are individuals so besotted and lost as to do anything for money, or, rather, for rum, which is what the money goes for. One of these exhibitions is the swallowing of a sword—a long blade, blunt-pointed, and without a handle. The head is tipped backward until the line from the mouth to the stomach is quite straight. With many grimaces the mountebank passes the blade carefully through the passage and into the stomach; then, closing his mouth over the superior end, he walks around with as nonchalant an air as he can assume, and sometimes attempts, in a guttural, discordant voice, to make some remark. After a little, he pretends to eject the blade by great effort. In truth, he only opens his mouth, inserts his fingers, and pulls it out.

Swallowing smaller articles is quite another matter. In the former case, after repeated exercises, the gullet and passages lose their sensibility, and this act can be performed with little danger or difficulty. The latter cannot be done very frequently, as the articles necessarily remain for a longer or shorter period in the stomach. They sometimes remain for several months in that organ, occasioning little trouble. Often they pass through, enter, and even escape from the bowels, but occasionally they press in such a manner that the part ulcerates, and they escape into the abdominal cavity, causing a speedy and painful death. Examination shows that they have almost been dissolved by the gastric juices, the bony handles nearly absorbed, and the iron portions corroded and wasted away. There is, however, little or no nourishment to be found, as the bones are mainly composed of phosphate of lime and other earthy matters, with slight interstitial animal matter.

The power and quantity of gastric juice which dissolves the food is very different in individuals. Those who have it in small quantity and of weak character must regulate either the quality and quantity of their diet, or both. Most persons of any years have learned what articles disagree with them. There is much individual peculiarity in this respect. Many persons are entirely unable to eat clams, oysters, and shellfish generally, without bringing out upon their skin a peculiar and very annoying eruption, and even producing convulsions. Others suffer great pain, and the skin turns of a bright scarlet, from eating strawberries. Similar results are caused by eating buckwheat, and various other articles of food, in other individuals.

But, irrespective of these peculiarities, there are general characteristics of food which it is well to recognize. All meats and fish which are prepared by salt, saltpetre, smoke and the like, for preservation, will be preserved in the stomach, unchanged, comparatively, longer than when the same articles are in their natural state.

Ham, smoked beef and mutton, smoked fish, salmon, mackerel, etc., are notably hard to digest. Elementary substances, as sugar, fat, oils and albumen, are always difficult of digestion. Fat and oils, however, are influenced materially by the temperature in which the eater is living. Being composed mainly of carbon, this element is especially required for consumption and warmth in cold localities, and nature digests and assimilates it there with remarkable ease, while in the heats of summer or the tropics very little can be eaten, or, if eaten, digested.

Many stomachs cannot easily digest albumen. With them, therefore, eggs, and articles mainly composed of them, as custards, sponge-cake, Charlotte de Russe, etc., are to be partaken of very sparingly, if at all.

Very infrequently is sugar found indigestible. Sometimes, however, it sour, but usually its presence is rarely noticed by any ill effects. Eaten as a part of food, into almost every article of which it enters in a greater or less degree, it is alike nutritious and healthy. Taken between meals, with flavors and admixtures, as candies, it is liable to great abuses. Of these, however, I shall speak at a future time.

Different articles of food have very different properties. I have said that fats, being mainly composed of carbon, serve as material for warming the body, and their quantity required being much greater in cold than in warm weather, it is observed that much greater and of richer amounts of meats of this description are consumed in winter than in summer.

The nervous energy proceeds from the stimulation of phosphorus, which is a prominent component portion of fish. We find, therefore, that literary men, and all whose nervous energies are greatly taxed, whether in intellectual pursuits, or in the mere animal drain upon the nervous energies, are especially fond of fish, oysters, etc. The nutriment derived from coffee is mainly of a nervous character, while chocolate is markedly useful to repair the wear of a too fast life upon the prematurely exhausted powers of the physical man.

Then we come to the great class of food derived from grains and esculent roots. These are fatteners; and the knowledge of these facts has been made use of to create a theory and a line of treatment for the reducing of the too great plumpness of many.

Unfortunately most of these obese people are blessed with a good appetite and healthy digestion. Especially do they like bread, potatoes, and are apt to be great water-drinkers. Horse-dealers know that corn fatten horses, but oats only stimulate them. Bread, and the various compounds of wheat, corn, and rye-flour, fatten the individual whose tendency is in that direction. Stop off these eatables entirely, let him live exclusively on meat (beef, mutton, lamb, veal, poultry and fish) for two months—drinking little meantime—and he will lose from ten to fifty pounds, and even more, and he may eat these articles as much as he pleases. This is the basis of the Banting system, and some not only like this diet, but it agrees with them. The only objection is, that on returning to the old habits of life, the flesh that he was two months in losing, will certainly return in about three weeks.

There is nothing that is better for the general health than complete changes of food. This is markedly seen at water-cure establishments. The whole important part of the treatment being (in addition to the change of air, the regular habits of sleeping and eating, the exercise of a graduated character, and avoidance of business cares) the absolute change of food, down to the simple food of childhood, the simple bread and milk which nurtured us, and on which, as we once grew strong and rugged, we can again find sufficient for all our needs.

Boarding-house life, with its varieties of food at every meal, is undermining the health of the greater part of the community. The boarder goes to a table provided with too great a number of dishes, from the necessity of suiting a great variety of tastes. He eats of soup, and fish, and roast, till he has taken all that his appetite calls for, but a side dish of tempting nature, a roast duck or highly-seasoned stew, invites him to try a little. He eats till he can eat no more stew. He, however, finds he can manage to swallow some pudding and a piece of pie. But it is impossible to get down another mouthful of the pie, but a saucer of cream, cold and well-flavored, is possible; but even of that he cannot take more; still he will crack a nut or two, and at a venture peel a banana or orange. A cup of coffee with a *petit verre*, and—he has taken, after his poor stomach first protested that it had sufficient, as much as it had before.

What shall we eat? The rule practically seems to be, anything and everything, the custom being to think little about the quality; rather, the quantity.

The general dyspepsia of Americans, so prevalent notwithstanding the activity of the race, arises from the fact that the rich who keep house keep very sumptuous tables, that those who board demand and receive too great temptation to over-eat by the *table d'hôte* system of the country. If we should adopt the European habit of taking meals à la carte, in a short time one would cease to try a new dish when his appetite was exhausted on a former one. The stomach and the pocket will then both be free from taxation, and the nature, kept vigorous by mental and bodily activity, will no longer be debilitated and rendered haggard by the undue labors of the continually overtaxed digestive apparatus.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

France.—The Homicide at Paris—The Scene of the Tragedy, and the Funeral of Victor Noir.

The readers of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER have already been fully advised through the dailies of the recent homicide in Paris, in which Victor Noir, the friend of M. Henri Rochefort, editor of the *Marseillaise*, was killed during an interview, intended to be of a hostile character, between a writer in that paper and Prince Pierre Napoleon. In that interview, as is known, Victor Noir was shot at and killed by Prince Napoleon. The unfortunate death of M. Noir, when published, caused the greatest excitement throughout Paris. Rochefort denounced the Bonapartes as assassins, and upon the plea of his endeavoring to excite the people against the existing Government, he was tried by the Corps Legislatif, and formally expelled from that body as a deputy, and is

now, as a part of the punishment to which he was condemned, undergoing rigid imprisonment. The funeral of the unfortunate Noir was largely attended on its passage through the streets of Paris, and on the road to the Cemetery of Neuilly, by republican sympathizers. The excitement was so great that the people removed the horses from the hearse, and themselves dragged it to the graveyard. But all this has been told the public of this continent, as previously that of Europe, and it is now only necessary to call attention to the engravings in the "Pictorial Spirit" of this issue, illustrative of the residence of Prince Pierre Napoleon, in which the homicide took place; the apartment in which Noir met with his death; the funeral cortège in the streets of Paris, and the dragging by the people of the hearse to the cemetery; and the closing scene of all, the tomb in Neuilly, at the moment of the delivery of the funeral oration.

Spain.—The Festival of the Three Kings—Scenes in the Streets of Madrid.

THE Feast of the Three Kings, originally observed as a holy day in the Roman Catholic Church of Spain, has degenerated into a rude carnival, not unlike the All Fools' Day of England. Those who participate in the ceremonies of the occasion select some ignorant or easily persuaded fellow to carry a ladder and a basket through the streets, while they accompany him with torches, tin pans, kettles, etc., etc., on which a "horrid din," is made. Upon the ladder the poor imbecile is forced to mount every few minutes, and look for the "coming of the kings," who, it is persuaded, are prepared to make him large gifts. In the course of the procession presents are made to him, but they are generally valueless. When they have thoroughly tired the poor fellow, they let him go, usually intoxicated and well fed. The sketch from which the engraving is taken, represents the scene at the entrance of the Plaza de la Pejo, near the Calle de Segovia, with the tower of the church of San Pedro on the left. This festival was held early in the last month.

England.—Dedication of a New Edifice for the Use of Worshipers in the Greek Church, at Liverpool.

On Sunday, the 16th ult., a ceremony of a character unusual to English eyes was observed in the town of Liverpool, England. A new and handsome superstructure, built in the Byzantine style—the general plan of that of St. Theodosius, at Constantinople, erected in the fifth century—was dedicated to religious worship according to the ritual of the Greek Church. The chief ministrant was no less a personage than Alexander Lycurgus, Archbishop of Syria and Zenos, and member of the Holy Greek Synod. He was assisted by archimandrites, priests, deacons, acolytes, etc., etc. The ceremonies, including the mass, occupied eight hours, during the whole of which time the large congregation remained and assisted the priests in their arduous duties. The new Greek church was erected at a cost of \$125,000, by four hundred Greek residents of Liverpool.

England.—Mr. Bright Addressing his Constituents at Birmingham.

Like our own "Sage of Auburn," when at the helm of State, Mr. Bright, one of the most brilliant and progressive of English legislators, makes it a point to call his constituency around him at stated times, and "give them a piece of his mind." Very recently Mr. Bright, before a large and not unintelligent audience, explained the course the present ministry would, in all probability, pursue on the reassembling of Parliament, which event took place on the 6th inst. Our daily publications have already printed in full the minister's speech, and it only remains for FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER to give the scene of the event, which it faithfully does in its "Pictorial Spirit" department. It appears, a fact not stated by American journals, that great surprise has been felt by the English public at the unusual candor of Mr. Bright, who, it is declared, spoke too candidly upon many questions of public interest. The subjoined is the peroration of the honorable gentleman's speech. It is pointed, and certainly instructive. To speak plainly, it is a hammer that hits the nail of vice and intemperance squarely on the head: "It is a fact that no government, that no administration, that no laws, that no amount of industry or of commerce, that no extent of freedom, can give prosperity and solid comfort to the homes of the people, unless there be in those homes economy, temperance, and the practice of virtue. [Cheers.] This, which I am preaching, is needful for all. But it is specially needful for those whose possessions are the least abundant and the least secure. If we could subtract from the ignorance, the poverty, the suffering, the sickness, and the crime, which are now witnessed among us, the ignorance, the poverty, the suffering, the sickness, and the crime, which are caused by one single, but most prevalent, bad habit or vice—the drinking needless of that which destroys body and mind and home and family—do we not all feel that this country would be so changed, and so changed for the better, that it would be almost impossible for us to know it again?"

England.—Destruction by Fire of the Star and Garter, Richmond, near London.

On the 12th of January, this old and famous hostelry, to the regret of convivialists everywhere, was destroyed by fire. The Star and Garter—the old building is emphatically meant, for there is a modern addition standing—was the scene of many a revelry. The young, the beautiful, the gay, the rich, and the fortunately born, affected the "Star and Garter" at Richmond, and made it one of their summer resorts. The Star and Garter was not unknown in the United States. Hundreds of American tourists have sojourned at it, and these, equally with thousands in the city of London, mourn its destruction. Had it been the modern addition, no one would have particularly cared; but the raver seized upon the old historical landmark, and in brief time left it a mass of ruins. The new hostelry is distant from St. Paul's, London, eleven miles.

EXTENSIVE preparations are being made at the hotels at Saratoga to accommodate their summer guests. Nearly all the charming cottages at the new Union Hotel, erected by the well-known Leland Brothers, have been secured for the season, and none of our popular watering-places will surpass Saratoga in the wealth, beauty, and position of its guests. The Leland Brothers have unequalled facilities for insuring comfort and pleasure to their patrons. The new hotel, which has cost over a half million of dollars, is completed. President Grant, ex-Secretary Seward, and Messrs. A. T. Stewart, Daniel Drew, William B. Astor, Erastus Corning, and others have engaged accommodations, and from all indications the coming season at Saratoga will be one of unusual brilliancy and pleasure.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

CINCINNATI will imitate Boston in the Jubilee business next June.

MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS are to succeed Mr. Fechter at Niblo's.

THE State Musical Festival, in Concord, N. H., has proved a success.

The Russian singers were better appreciated in Boston than in New York city.

A VAUDEVILLE, entitled "Tron du Poole," is in rehearsal at the Palais Royal.

WILKIE COLLINS's new play will be produced simultaneously in London and Paris.

LORD LYTTON's new comedy in rhyme is entitled, "Walpole; or, Every Man has his Price."

BALFI has given the conductor of his "Bohemian Girl," in Paris, a gold chronometer watch.

"The Happiest Couple Out"—Pluto Lindgard and Eurydice Dunning—are "out West" harmonizing the natives.

A ONE THOUSAND DOLLAR stage dress was stolen recently from Mrs. Gladstone's dressing-room at the Mobile Theatre.

G. H. GRIFFITHS, of Selwyn's Theatre, Boston, has come to New York to play Polonius to Fénter's Hamlet, at Niblo's.

BOSTON theatres keep a man at the door with a revolver, ready to shoot the first pickpocket who tries fire to create a panic.

A SIX-ACT drama, by M.M. Moleri and Leroy entitled "Les Chasseurs du Roi," has been produced at the Beaumarchais, Paris.

THERESA has played in the "White Cat," at Paris, for 145 nights, without missing a performance, Sundays not excepted.

CHARLES MATTHEWS gets \$70,000 for his two years' engagement in Australia. This is transportation to some advantage.

MME. SESSI has had more success in La Traviata, at the Theatre Italien, than in any character she has hitherto assumed.

MR. SOTHERN, the well-known actor, was seriously injured while hunting with Baron Rothschild's hounds a short time ago.

FRANCIS JOSEPH has accorded to his brother's wife (formerly Mlle. Hoffman, an actress) the rank of Archduchess, long denied her.

JOHN BROUHAM has been flashing his "Red Light" in the faces of Philadelphians, with much pride to himself and pleasure to them.

MR. A'BECKETT's novel, "Fallen Among Thieves," is being dramatized by the author and Mr. Palgrave Simpson, for the Alfred Theatre, London.

M. BESKIRSKY, the Russian violinist, has been playing a concerto of his own composition at the Concerts Populaires, and has taken the fancy of Parisians.

HALEVY's posthumous opera "Noe," which was to have been brought out in Paris, and which has got as far as rehearsal, has been withdrawn at the wish of the composer's family.

MR. STRAKOSCH's new Journal, "Le Telegramme," whose self-chosen programme was the intention to "speak truth, and speak quickly," is being bantered by the French musical press.

ALEXANDER DUMAS, it is said, has written a "startling drama" for the Lydia Thompson Troupe, which the original "blondes" will produce at Niblo's Garden early during the ensuing month.

MR. TOM TAYLOR has written a historical play, called "Twist Axe and Crown." It is blank verse, and in five acts, and its story is founded on an episode in the early life of Queen Elizabeth.

MR. BARRY SULLIVAN has been obliged to give up his effort to uphold "the intellectual drama" at the Holborn Theatre, London. The season has terminated, and is said to have cost him little less than the heavy sum of \$8,000.

M. AYLIC LANGLE, the Prefect of the Meuse, whose death is announced from Paris, was a dramatic author of some reputation. When 25 years of age he produced at the Francais a three-act comedy, entitled "Murillo, ou la Corde de Pendu."

Miss JOSEPHINE ORTON has arrived in New York from New Orleans, in which latter city she has concluded a very successful engagement—the stockholders of the Varieties Theatre presenting to her a check for \$1,200 on the occasion of her farewell benefit.

THE English opera company organized by Madame Parepa-Rosa has made, thus far, one of the most successful tours on record. After completing its present tour, the company will bring out, at the New York Academy of Music, several choice operas seldom performed in the English language.

THE London "Atheneum" says: "We are informed on the best authority that there are not to be four opera-houses, the Colosseum idea having been abandoned. The things to be sought for at the time present are not orchestra and chorus, nor even the singers—few as the list is and far between—so much as composers."

In the biography of Baddeley, the comic actor of the last half of the last century, there is no page more pleasant than his will. By that instrument he bequeathed considerable property to the performers at Drury Lane. One especial bequest was of £100, the interest of which was to furnish cake, wine and punch to the actors in the first green-room on Twelfth Night, forever.

ON the evening of the 9th, the charming Italian Opera "Linda di Chamounix" was given at the Academy of Music for the first time this season, with Miss Kellogg in the title role, and Ronconi in his famous part of Antonio. The exquisite delicacy and bright girlish charm with which the "O Luce di quest'Anima" was given, won for Miss Kellogg an instant recall, and it was repeated with great satisfaction.

THE Board of Education of San Francisco has granted a vacation to the schools, to allow the pupils to assist and participate in Camilia Urso's musical festival. It is suggested that business be suspended on the days set for the concert—the 22d, 23d, and 24th of February. Five hundred singers were present at the first rehearsal on Monday evening. Frequent rehearsals will be held in Sacramento, Stockton, and other interior points. The success of the affair seems assured.

At the Grand Opera House, the brilliant spectacular piece, "The Twelve Temptations," has been produced before unprecedentedly large audiences. In richness of mounting, it surpasses any stage representation ever seen in this country. The transformation-scenes of "The Black Crook" are eclipsed in grandeur and wealth of material by those frequently displayed throughout the piece, and the acting, without which it would

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See Page 395.



FRANCE.—EXTERIOR OF THE RESIDENCE OF PRINCE PIERRE NAPOLEON, AT ANTEUIL, PARIS.



FRANCE.—THE SHOOTING OF VICTOR NOIR BY PRINCE PIERRE NAPOLEON, AT ANTEUIL, PARIS.



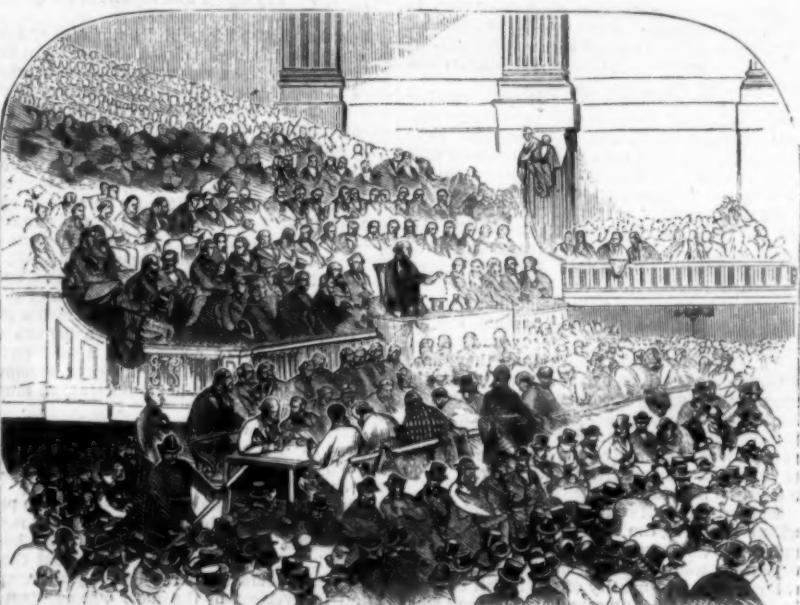
FRANCE.—FUNERAL OF VICTOR NOIR—THE PEOPLE DRAG THE HEARSE TO THE CEMETERY OF NEUILLY.



FRANCE.—FUNERAL OF VICTOR NOIR—THE SCENE AT THE CEMETERY—THE FUNERAL ORATION AT THE TOMB.



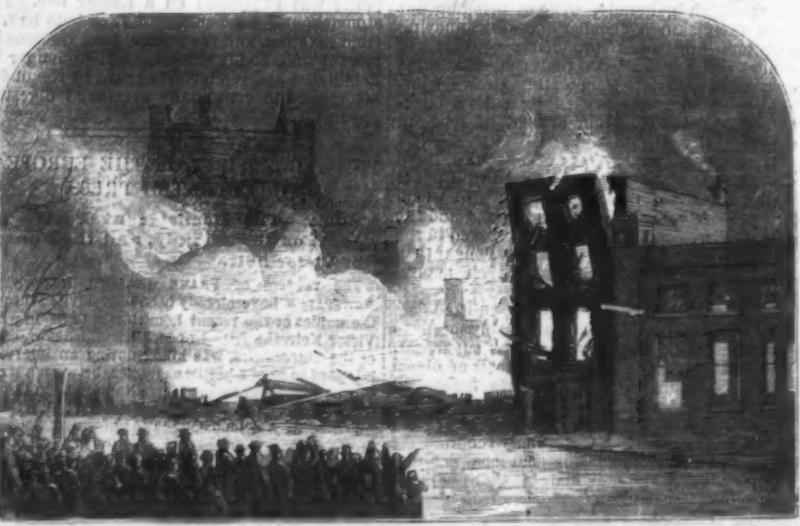
ENGLAND.—THE NEW GREEK CHURCH, BUILT BY AND FOR THE GREEK MERCHANTS OF LIVERPOOL.



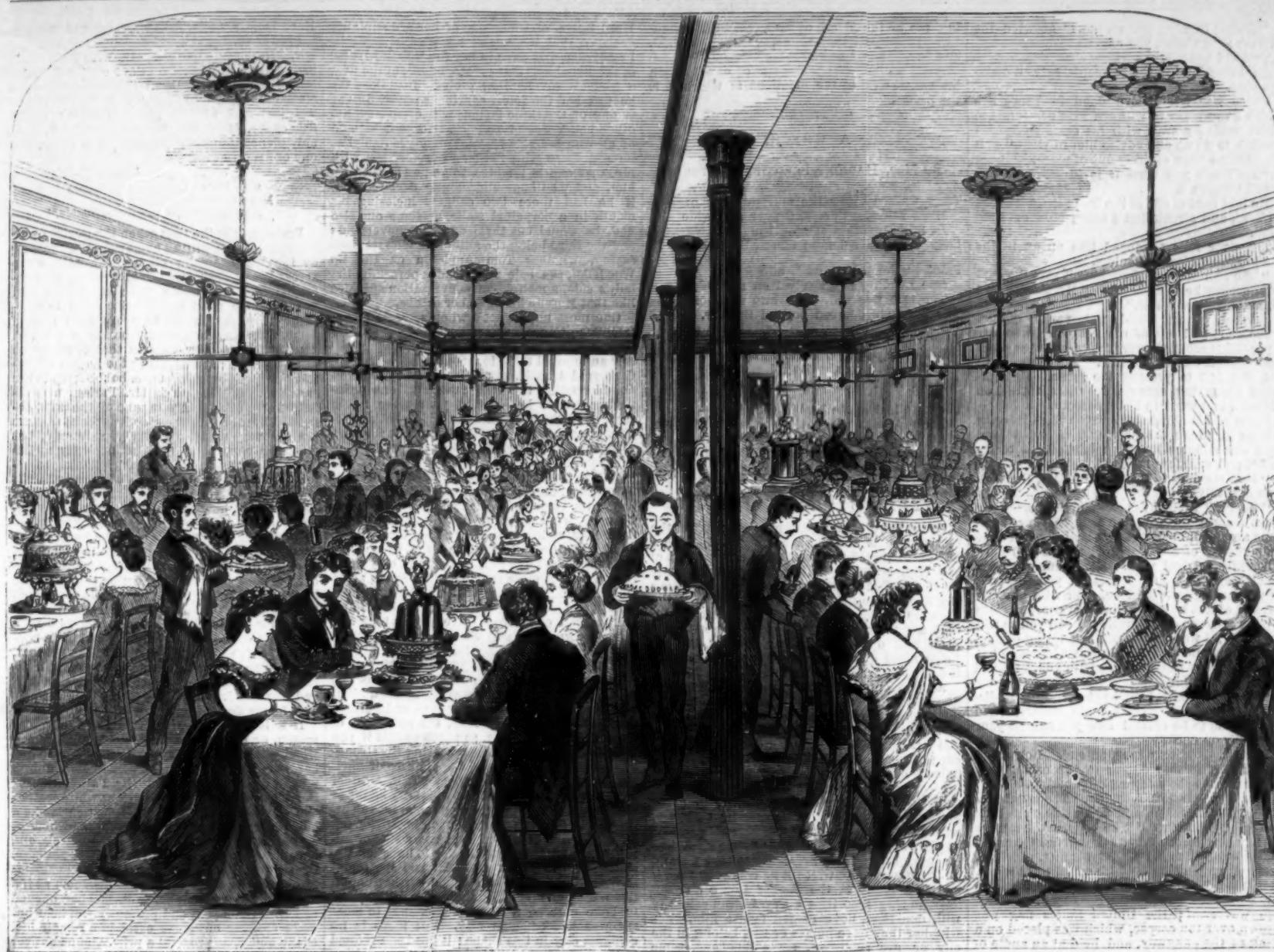
ENGLAND.—MR. BRIGHT, OF THE MINISTRY, ADDRESSES HIS CONSTITUENCY AT BIRMINGHAM.



SPAIN.—THE FESTIVAL OF THE THREE KINGS AT MADRID—THE NIGHT PROCESSION—LOOKING FOR THE KINGS.



ENGLAND.—DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF THE STAR AND GARTER HOTEL, AT RICHMOND, NEAR LONDON.



NEW YORK CITY.—ANNUAL BALL AND BANQUET OF THE SOCIETE CULINAIRE PHILANTHROPIQUE.—SEE PAGE 399.

TO-DAY.

To-MORROW is too far away,
A bed of spice the garden is,
Nor bud nor blossom that we miss ;
The roses blossom on the stem,
The violets and the anemones,
Why should we wait to gather them ?
Their bloom and balm are ours to-day :
To-morrow, who can say ?

To-morrow is too far away,
Why should we slight the joy complete—
The flowers open at our feet ?
For us to-day the robin sings ;
His curved flight the swallow wings ;
For us the happy moments stay—
Stay yet, nor leave us all too fleet ;
For life is sweet, and youth is sweet,
And love—ah ! love—is sweet to-day ;
To-morrow, who can say ?

SAUCY TOM.

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL,
AUTHOR OF "ST. LEOER," "TO-DAY, A ROMANCE,"
ETC., ETC.

We were voyaging northward, and had entered the placid waters of the Caribbean Sea. There had been a great deal of difficulty, ever since we left our South American port, among the sailors, or rather between the sailors and captain and mates. On a steamer this seldom occurs, and if it does, the passengers pay no attention to it. But on a sailing ship you become interested in every detail. The management of the vessel is brought more directly before you, and every incident has some interest in your eyes.

Our captain, whom I had personally known, was a good navigator and sailor, but a rough and desperately profane man with his crew. In the cabin, on the contrary, he was genial and good-tempered, told a capital story, and could relish a joke even at his own expense. On deck his nature seemed to change into that of a fiend. He belonged to the class of skippers, formerly in the majority, who believe in knocking down their men promiscuously, putting them in irons, and otherwise maltreating them, for the least fancied dereliction. No one who has not witnessed the enormities of ships' officers in old times can conceive of their diabolical practices toward the sailors, and all with perfect impunity. Disobedience of orders, the least resistance to the cruelties with which they were tormented, was treated as mutiny, and punished with the greatest severity. If a sailor was hardy enough to attempt to bring a suit against his persecutors on landing, he was almost sure to get the worst of it, either by the tedious delay of the law, or by having his case sold out by the "land sharks."

Sometimes captain and mates quarreled, as

well, which made a triangular fight, so that worse than hell reigns on board. A great change for the better has taken place within a few years, but any one, by looking at the newspaper reports, can see that these evils, if greatly diminished, are by no means at an end.

Captain S. was a powerful man of almost herculean proportions. As I have said, he was

a gentleman in the cabin, a demon on deck. The least mistake or awkwardness on the part of a sailor set him in a fury, when he would curse and rage like a maniac. This would end by his knocking the men around the deck, ordering them to the masthead, etc. One single softening influence only ever affected him. His daughter was on board—a lovely

child ten or twelve years old—with whom he walked for half an hour twice a day, and whose presence always kept him within bounds. Emily was not a great deal on deck. I think she purposely kept away; but on two or three occasions when her father was nearly livid with passion, and was about to attempt some monstrous piece of cruelty, she ran up the companion-way, went confidently forward, took his hand and walked with him up and down the deck. It was one of the most touching sights I ever beheld. His large, burly frame relaxed, the currents about his heart flowed naturally again, and his face assumed a look of positive serenity. As for Emily, her countenance on these occasions was that of an angel.

It was very seldom she tried the experiment, but when she did, the effect was as I describe. The sailors worshiped her, and I really believe, had she not been on board, a mutiny would have broken out.

There was among the crew an "able-bodied" sailor by the name of Tom. His shipmates called him "Saucy Tom." I do not know why, for he was a well-disciplined, thoroughbred tar, unless for his open, independent manner. Tom knew and performed his duties so well, it was difficult to pick a quarrel with him. Indeed, he had more than once sailed as second mate, and was really superior to the one we had on board. For that reason, perhaps, he provoked the fellow's enmity. Sands—that was the name of the officer—began by teasing Tom with orders to do unnecessary things. On days when the watch on deck was at work mending sails, making spun-yarn or picking oakum, he would contrive to take him from his task, and send him aloft every few minutes (a common mode of annoyance), and afterward complain of him that he did so little work. Tom, I am told, bore this very patiently till on the occasion I now describe, when Sands called him, with many profane epithets, a "shirk and a son of a —." He swore he had half a mind to chain him in the maintop, and leave him there all night. Tom lost patience, and made reply, garnished also with oaths, that no man should order him around any more on that ship. The mate retorted by ordering him to the masthead. Tom's blood was up, and he told Sands to go to h—l.

At that moment two or three of us passengers came by. Sands seized a belaying-pin and struck a heavy blow at Tom, who caught it, and wrenched the pin from his hands, and felled the mate to the deck.

There was a tremendous commotion. The sailors, for the instant, appeared determined to protect their shipmate, but the terrible voice of Captain S. made them cower. Sands had got up, and without renewing the fight, reported what had happened.

To my amazement the captain did not exhibit the rage I thought certain to follow. Perhaps he was disgusted with his mate's pusillanimity. Tom was ordered aft. He stepped forward boldly, but respectfully,

GENERAL THOMAS JORDAN, THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC OF CUBA.
SEE PAGE 399.

"Refuse to obey orders, hey?" growled the captain; "go aloft, you dog."

Tom did not stir.

"Go aloft," repeated the captain, in an ominous tone.

There was a stubborn devil in Tom's eye which I was sorry to witness. He continued to stand perfectly still, with his arms folded. I wanted to go up and advise him to yield, but it would have been entirely out of place.

"I'll teach you what it is to mutiny," belched Captain S.

He laid hold of one of the iron pins, advanced on Tom, and struck him a heavy blow over the head.

The poor fellow dropped like an ox in the shambles, and lay motionless.

"The scoundrel is shamming," said the captain, seeing he did not stir; "Mr. Sands, give him a bucket of water."

Several of us could not resist crying, "Shame!" and one of our company, who was a physician, stooped over the prostrate man and commenced examining him. The captain was not disposed to prolong the scene. He muttered something between his teeth, turned on his heel, and went to his stateroom.

Some of his shipmates carried Tom into the forecastle, where the physician attended him. In a few minutes he came back, went to the cabin, and sent for Captain S.

"It is my duty to tell you, captain, that this man cannot live."

"Doctor," replied the captain, "I have very great respect for you, and believe your intentions are good, but you know nothing about the management of a set of devils such as I have constantly to deal with. Let them once get control, and where do you think you and your fellow-passengers would be, your wife and sister, and others? This fellow was consummaceous—just ready for open mutiny, I call you to witness that; I was on the point of losing control of my ship, and an example was necessary."

"I must say I don't agree with you," replied the doctor, "and—"

"It is a subject I shall not permit to be discussed," interrupted the captain, sternly, "and I warn you to be careful how you exhibit your sympathy on deck."

The conversation was at an end. I observed little Emily in one corner of the cabin, very mournful, but she said and did nothing.

Tom died the next morning. The usual preparations were made, and at twelve o'clock he was to be "launched." The body, in the clothes worn when he died, was incased in canvas, and securely sewed up. At his feet, in lieu of twenty-four pounds, which could not be had, were placed some large stones, taken from the ship's ballast, to make the body sink. No service was read; the United States flag was thrown over the corpse, which was placed on a plank at the gangway, and held at an angle of forty-five degrees. Precisely at twelve (eight bells) the flag was removed, the captain called "Launch!" the plank was elevated, and the body slid into the sea.

I should have said we had been becalmed all night, so that no friendly breeze was present to carry us away from the scene of this unhappy occurrence. To the horror of us all, when poor Tom went over the ship's side, he did not sink below his shoulders! The weights at his feet were insufficient; there he was, carried gently up and down by the light heaving of the ocean. Sailors are very superstitious, and this strange incident was more than they could bear. It was curious to listen to their exclamations. The ship was a doomed craft. We never should make port. We had got into the region of the Calm-dragon, and would rot to the water's edge, and Tom was to "stand by" till all was over with us, etc., etc. Or a hurricane would follow the calm, and all go to the bottom. Then poor Tom's ghost would be appeased, and his body sink. One thing was certain, it did not sink, and the affair was becoming serious, I mean in stirring up superstitious fancies. The captain was not long in discovering the state of things. As the day wore away and the hideous figure still rose and fell before us, he ordered the mate to fill a sack with stones, lower a boat and make it fast to Tom (as the sailors continued to call the corpse), and thus complete the burial.

The sack was prepared and filled with ballast, but when it was known what was wanted, not a sailor could be found who would undertake the service, and the order was not insisted on. It was the second mate's duty to go in the boat, and I doubt if he himself dared to venture. In this way night came on. I do not believe there was a sailor who slept a wink. In truth, I did not sleep myself. The image of the ghastly sentinel rose and fell before me, and I turned uneasily in my narrow berth till daylight. Then I went on deck. A light fog enveloped the atmosphere, making observation difficult.

"What has become of the body?" I asked of the starboard watch.

"There he is, sir," was the reply, pointing over the quarter.

"Where?"

"There; just there. Don't you see him? He's changed three points, and there's where we'll catch it."

"Catch what?"

"The hurricane."

"You are sure you can see Tom?"

"Cock sure, sir. I have watched him for two hours."

I dislike much to spoil the story. I dare say the sailor, by the aid of his imagination, could see his old shipmate. I must confess I could not.

But the hurricane did come. At least we had a severe gale from the southwest, which carried away some light spars, but did no material damage, while it brought us rapidly toward New York.

On arrival, Captain S. was arrested. He was released on bail, and that was the last ever heard of the case.

One year afterward I received a letter from the captain, written in agonizing terms, inform-

ing me of the death of his sweet little daughter. It was all that was left to him, so he said, and he appeared to be broken-hearted.

Such are the inconsistencies of our common humanity, and of the emotions of which it is the parent.

A WRECK.

BY MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

THEY walked along the murmuring shore—
High was the tide, and near and wide
In flashing hints of rosy tints
Each wave its splendid foam-wreath bore.

Faint in the purple east, and far,
One bending sail swelled on the gale—
The tide was full, but white as wool
The breakers combed beyond the bar.

They saw no breakers' angry bale
Lift into sight its awful light,
They only saw the laughing flaw,
And all their hope was on the sail.

They walked again beside the shore—
The tide was down, the sands were brown,
And flock on flock of one great wreck
Strewed all its barren beauty o'er.

A BOSTON NOTION.

Of all the pleasant Boston notions, one of the pleasantest is the Parker House. This is a handsome hotel in the old and elegant part of the city, charmingly furnished and perfectly kept, attached to which is a restaurant, where the floor is so neat, the damask so snowy, the silver so bright, and the waiters so clairvoyant, that a dinner of herbs there is contentment itself, and so far from dinners of herbs, one has there nicer dinners than were ever cooked in the King of France's kitchen.

As you enter the long, handsome room, reflected by its immense mirrors from ceiling to floor, with the quiet waiters, the pretty maidens at the desk, and the scores of thronged tables, you are more likely than not to be in the presence of some of the best that Boston boasts, not indeed of the Beacon street best, in whose presence nobody need care to be, since it in no respect differs from the same thing in other places, but of the best of its literature and art, where the rich blood needs no renewing. And as they say that if one wishes to see a particular person, it is only necessary to take a stand on Broadway, and wait till he comes by; so, if one is a guest at the Parker House a dozen days, during that time every Attic celebrity will, doubtless, have defiled before him. For whether they have homes or not, belong in the city or are suburban, some luncheon, some friend, some rendezvous will, sooner or later, and one by one, certainly bring them there.

There, for instance, as you take your own seat, and send your glance up and down the room, it alights on a gentleman sitting alone at one of the little tables by a window; he is a tall, spare man, with a singular lofty and narrow head, and one look separates him from all the others in the room. His large nose, his thin face, his shrewd mouth, his whole build, is that of the typical Yankee, but his smile throws a gilding and illumination over the type, and when he raises his eyes from the little book open beside his plate while he eats his frugal meal—eyes that have a bit of heaven's own blue in them—then you learn of what heights the Yankee is capable, and see in this man the apotheosis of the type; and as you watch the waiters attending to his wishes, ignorant that it is Ralph Waldo Emerson whom they serve, and ignorant also who Ralph Waldo Emerson may be, it is not so difficult for you to believe that once the gods really walked unknown among men. To him, perhaps, comes quickly in a person who has caught sight of him through the window—brilliant, handsome fellow, with large brown eyes, keen and kindly, and a long, curling beard that is just beginning to be touched with gray—a man who has the freedom of both continents, who knows and has known everybody worth knowing of this generation, and of the generation that was just passing away when, a boy, he first went to Europe; who has a memory stored with delightful things concerning those of whom we love to hear; who has cracked jokes with Kit North, wandered among the Westmoreland hills with Wordsworth, sat at Doctor Quincy's table, and listened to the sublime ravings of the seer drinking imaginary laudanum from an imaginary cup, ravings too brilliant and evanescent to be caught on paper; has talked with Mary Russell Mitford; has met the world at Rogers's breakfasts; lived with Dickens at Gadshill, where he would certainly have seen Sir John Falstaff's ghost if the good knight had ever had any ghost; heard Tennyson roll out the music of his verses; hunted among old ruins with Browning; and who, in this country, is looked on as chief patron of genius, discoverer and benefactor of Hawthorne, who revealed to him more of the aurora-like play of his luminous fancy than to any other man alive. This is Mr. Field, the publisher. The quiet little damsel not far distant, glancing now and then with interest at the two, with her great gray eyes and her air of a startled bird, is August Bell, the author of "A Fernleaf," one of the most perfect poems in the English language.

That ought to be enough for one day. But, perhaps, entering on another, you will see a group, foremost of whom is a richly-dressed lady of middle age, the two views of whose face are in the most eminent contrast to each other that is imaginable, the full view being that of a rather plain, petulant woman, interrogating life after a querulous fashion; the side-view being that of a sweet, half-melancholy and wholly ideal profile, where the features are more exquisite and beautiful than ever were cut on any cameo, and at which one cannot take one's fill of gazing. This is Mrs. Julia

Ward Howe, of whom one of her acquaintances declared that it was the injustice of a partial Providence that gave to her the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," that greatest poem of the war, a nation's covenanting psalm. Doubtless the poetess had the retort courteous ready, for she is one of the three famous wits of Boston, another being Doctor Holmes, that bosom-friend of all who read his pages, looking so genial as he sits there with his face overrunning with fun, that one is tempted to go and speak with him, and who once audaciously declared that if he had those two calipers inclosing his mouth in a perpetual smile, as some one else had, he would cut them out—but never did; and the third being the author of the last good saying, whether Tom Appleton or Horatio Woodman, the pale and slender person by the lady's side, a man whose conversation sparkles like that Moselle his neighbor drinks.

One must not expect a whole quorum of notabilities at once, even at Parker's, except at a dinner in the private rooms above, and indeed it is an unusual thing to meet the large-browed, dark-eyed Agassiz, as you have had the luck to do, descending the stairs, while at one penetrating glance he specifies your place in the race, as if, though you are nothing but a tritiae, you are yet an object of interest to the king of all the fishes. Perhaps some one walked beside him, whose stout shape and gray hair and beard, dressed, or rather undressed, in Tennysonian wildness, would never have suggested to you the singer of "Hiawatha," that wonderful song, fresh with the dew and balms of the woods, which, long after all his other verses have dissipated into the thin air of which they are made, shall live as the great and only American epic. A more frequent sight in the place is James Russell Lowell, with the picturesque beauty of his blue eyes and golden beard and hair, a man of more positive genius than any other in America, and though perhaps doing less to justify his possession of it, yet always seeming as if it were Hyperion that threw his shadow; and a still more frequent sight is this youth, with his fair hair waving round a high, white brow, with his clear gray eyes, and features that have a sculptured look, the very ideal of a poet, indeed, in looks, so much so that if you were told to select a person bearing the strongest resemblance to one of the pictures of Shelley, you would certainly indicate T. B. Aldrich. Most seldom to be seen in such a busy haunt of any of all this circle of contemporary talent, though, is that tall, slight person just throwing off his furred coat—for it seems a sort of anachronism for the poet Whittier to have left the clouds, or the sunset dreamlands lying round the Merrimac, to have stepped forth from all the region of idyllic legend and tradition, and to have entered a restaurant opened to meet the wants of common clay. But there is no common clay in this shape; it has been refined in the furnace; and a total stranger to any likeness of the man has only to glance at the white face with its classic outlines, the marble forehead, deep set under which glow the steady coal-black eyes, to be sure of the poet-warrior who so long battled against an evil giant, and lived to see the victory.

If you enter the place again, you may chance to see a group of ladies round a luncheon-table. One of them has her back toward you, and from the graceful Frenchy toilet, the slight mold of shoulder and throat, and the wonderful yellow hair that has never lost its childish gold, you expect to see a gay and laughing maiden of the period, but Nora Perry meets your gaze with a sad-eyed face of many experiences, that you would hardly connect with the most musical of heart-free, happy lyrics, "Ellery Vane," and "After the Ball." Opposite her is a stately lady, with a smile like radiance, and a voice—

"Call it the well's bubbling, the bird's warble."

This is Louise Chandler Moulton. With them sits a piquant and attractive person, jauntily dressed, with her long brown hair flowing down her back in natural ringlets, and her pretty lips parting in jests over teeth as white and even as a row of seed-corn; this is Kate Field. At another time, perhaps Sydne Hyde, of "Putnam's" and "Lippincott's," might complete the group, her great olive-colored eyes shining at you from under their black brows, a little body, who has led the life of few American girls, and has had her home in queens' palaces; or else, perhaps, the room is lighted with the beauty of Sarah Ames, the wife of the portrait-painter, and herself the sculptress of busts of President Lincoln and Governor Andrew—some Roman girl, with the blood of Virgins and Valerias to reddish the oval of her cheeks, and the faultless curves of her mouth, and to feed the midnight flame of her eyes, might be as fair, but it is doubtful if one ever was, while any buyer of Georgian girls would go mad with the sight of her.

Perhaps at another time you will see Gall Hamilton modestly slipping into the room with Lucy Larcom, the one with a rosy young face, around which light hair is curling, a face full of frolic, and sweet-tempered fun, the other, a rather handsome and quiet woman of large mold, all her gravity undershot with a smile. As Halliarnasus has been left outside, possibly this tall form, that comes from another table to salute them as they seat themselves at theirs, is that of Edward Everett Hale; slight he is, but with so much sunshine in his face that you can hardly call him dark; an inwrought expression of countenance, yet one genial with abundant benevolence, under which a covert humor hides—sufficient to account for the authorship of "The Man Without a Country"—but leaving us still searching, though we find it at last in eye and forehead, for any trace of that synthetical power which has lately given us the story of "The Brick Moon," a story which, for invention and daring and fine mechanism, has not been rivaled since the days of Edgar Poe. Here, too, comes Mrs. Dall, unhappy that she cannot make everybody happy. There goes Mr. Dwight, of the "Musical Journal," his face expressive of the harmonies with which he deals,

Here is Mrs. Celia Thaxter, fresh and wonderful as the sea that has cradled and companioned her. Here some one walks in, with the air and bearing of a prince, of a prince unable to maintain his *incognito*. It is William Oliver, a man almost unknown to fame, but possessed of the wildest and wildest poetic powers; as he flashes by, erect and tall and dark, we need only glance into his powerful eyes to remember one of his own songs, and

"Deeply wonder
Why their floating, mystic lights
Make us feel as walking under
Moving heavens and starry nights."

Perhaps it is the time when the gay summer voyagers are all flitting homeward, and resting by the way; among others, you may come across Fanny Fern, fresh from teaching the fisherwomen of the bleak and beautiful Cape Ann how to make good bread. She owns to fifty-eight years, but looks no more than half of them, so breezy, bright, and buxom is she, and your swiftest survey declares that she must be like perpetual fair weather in the house, a fountain of happy thoughts forever bubbling up in the sunshine. Beside her is Mr. Parton, a dark-haired English gentleman, one of the most delightful of all literary companions; his manners are the very acme of quiet, you observe, but when he chooses to lift that perfectly modulated voice of his, he holds the listening room full suspended on the charm of his words. It may be that if you hearken now, you will hear Fanny telling how she subdued the rebel amanuensis accidentally employed by her husband—first pinning the flag up over the lintel of the door that he might stoop under it in going out, then putting the pedestal with the bust of the hero of New Orleans close beside the hat-stand in the hall, that he might be obliged to take off his hat to General Butler, afterward, when he asked for a glass of water, sending him up a bottle of Gettysburg, and finally making a bouquet of red, white and blue for his great-coat, but, finding the garment so worn and threadbare that the womanly heart within her melted, and she mended it instead—only that last part of it Fanny doesn't tell.

If it is just before or just after the lecture season, or one of the three times in its course when she is sure to speak in Boston, you can hardly fail some day to meet Anna Dickinson lunching with a friend at the Parker House; the black velvet hat and curling white feather sits closely on the black hair that curls like a boy's hair round the beautiful woman's face, and gives a shadow to the eyes like jewels, and a contrast to the complexion like a tea rose. Or perhaps it is the opera season, and Louisa Kellogg glances in and out of the room as if a vision of a young and happy Rachel had opened and shut upon you, and presently you hear her voice shaking out some carol in a remote hall of the house, as prodigal a prima donna as ever scattered her songs. Here, too, had you been in Boston when the sheets of "Old Town Folks" were going through the press, you would have seen a gentleman with a patriarchal beard and benevolent countenance, and opposite him a quaint little lady, her dark curls just threaded here and there with silver, but her smile something that will never grow old: small and modest as this lady is, she has shaken this North American continent once till it rocked on its base, and lately has shaken it again till she brought all the froth and scum to the top. There are corpulent white-choked Doctors of Divinity at her table, and that end of the room is ringing with laughter—of course the lady is Mrs. Stowe, the most honored and the worst execrated woman of the day. At another table sit two gentlemen of remarkable, though widely differing personal appearance; one, a thin, dark person, of medium height, with a nervous countenance, and a piercing eye—during the rebellion our Assistant Naval Secretary, and the spirit moving and animating all our splendid successes on the sea, and who afterward made the trial trip in the *Miantonomah* to Russia and the European ports, where emperors and princes were swift to acknowledge his worth; this is Captain Fox; and the other, a portly bachelor, leisurely enjoying his *callipash*, which the cook has been so good as to send him, while he pours forth to his brother-in-law the mysterious and ancient lore of the Cabala, with which he is brimmed, is Charles Levi Woodbury, the only son of the old judge, and one of the strongest leaders of the Democratic party in the State.

It is the day when the Radical Club meets, that you will come across Mr. Alcott here—if, indeed, you are ever so fortunate—an erect and beautiful blue-eyed old man; or Colonel Higginson, a tall, athletic figure, the face half hidden in a dark beard, over which the clear eyes see all there is heavenly in human nature, and look into material nature as no one since Thoreau has done. On the same day, or another, you will find a short and rather dark man, beardless, and with a quiet face, indicative of much strength, though you could scarcely say at a glance in what direction the strength tended; this is Mr. Howells, the editor of the "Atlantic," who dares to repress Longfellow, to curtail Lowell, to sit in judgment on Whittier. Not far away, perhaps, with a circle rapt in his resonant eloquence, careless who bears his words, sits Ball, the author of various articles in the "Atlantic Monthly," and one on "Olympus and Asgard," finer, one is tempted to say, than anything that ever appeared in that magazine; he is a man of great physical stature, with a superb head, on which the grizzled hair curls closely as a fleece, as much the head of an old Greek as if he had taken life out of the pictured pages of Plutarch, the man being, moreover, one of the foremost Greek scholars in the country, and living, in fact, far more in the Greece of thousands of years ago, than in to-day. And here, to conclude our collection, a lovely little thing floats into the room, with her cachemires and her gleaming filigrane of Genoese jewelry, the gold in her hair and the rose on her cheek. It is Bierstadt's bride, delaying here as they pass through town, and behind her comes the

painter, a gracious, courtly presence, and a handsome face, that proclaims for its owner the possession of even more genius than is displayed on his great canvases. With them come their friends, the Bracketts, Walter, the only artist in America who knows how to render the sparkle of a fish's scale, and all the sinuous curves and body of color of trout and salmon fresh from the stream; and Edwards, the sculptor, among many other works, of the busts of John Brown and Rufus Choate, the latter a triumph of plastic art, radiant and alive with all the nervous fire and spirit of the orator. In fact, if there are any people of interest or distinction in all the country whom you desire to see, you have only to seat yourself at one of the tables of the Parker House—and wait long enough—and they will as certainly come before your presence as if you had summoned them.

ANNUAL BALL OF THE SOCIETE CULINAIRE PHILANTHROPIQUE.

The Société Culinaire Philanthropique of New York City is one of our largest social organizations, and if its members are not regarded by the public as of special importance in a society, they certainly are during those hours when hunger forces us into the hotels and restaurants.

The cooks of New York are, as a class, a very intelligent body of citizens, and each winter they hold a grand ball, and spread such a table that none of our epicurean judges can surpass.

On Tuesday evening, February 8th, the Société and its friends assembled at Irving Hall for their annual festivities. The ball-room was filled, and the supper-room crowded. The great attraction of the affair lay, of course, in the last-named locality. It is safe to say that no more perfect banquet, in respect of rich edibles and rare methods of preparation, was ever placed before judges of vaster experience and more critical acumen.

Nova Scotia salmon was stretched side by side with bear's meat, the choicest bits of the boar, molded into a close resemblance of the living animals, faced military squares of British pheasants, and *filet de boeuf* was the plainest element of a tremendous list of *pièces de résistance*. The whole bill of fare was a most imaginative production. Fish, according to its text, was prepared à la *Borgia*, *cuisse de boeuf* was arranged à la *Napoleon I.*, and amber-coated ham was dedicated to Charlotte Corday, and tongue (not inappropriately) to Henri Rochefort. The architecture, with truffles and nougat for stones, jelly for cement, and all kinds of ornaments, fashioned out of vegetables for coronal moldings, was superb.

From ten to twelve o'clock, the guests were admitted to inspect the tables, and just after midnight the banquet was opened. Afterward dancing was resumed, and was continued until dawn, President Feraud, and Floor Manager Cherot, with M. Torrilhon, one of the most active members of the society, and many courteous assistants, supervising the festivities until the final whirl.

THOMAS JORDAN, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE CUBAN REVOLUTIONARY ARMY.

GENERAL THOMAS JORDAN, whose splendid victory over the Spanish troops at Guanmara, January 1st, has procured for him the position of commander-in-chief of the patriot forces in Cuba, is a graduate of West Point, and as fine a specimen of the strategic soldier as ever drew sword. He is a man of medium height, spare in form, and with a quick, nervous manner. As a disciplinarian, his thoroughness sometimes approaches severity. No one knows the value of well-trained soldiers better than he, and none will labor more constantly to secure them. Although somewhat brusque in deportment during hours of danger and suspense, General Jordan is affable and courteous to the extreme when off duty.

During the rebellion he filled several important stations in the Confederate army, the most prominent being that of chief-of-staff to General Beauregard for more than three years.

At Charleston, Vicksburg, and the early Virginia campaign, he gave evidence of his daring and fine soldierly abilities, while his actions as an executive officer commanded him to his superior officers. General Jordan has always been a strong friend to General Beauregard, his devotion leading him, at the Shiloh campaign, as well as after the war, to resent indignities which he believed the Confederate President had purposely offered his chief.

At the close of the rebellion General Jordan, with many other officers, came North, and for a season indulged his tastes for literature, writing with the freedom, independence and dash that had characterized his services in the field. When the friends of the Cuban patriots, residing in the United States, inaugurated systematic means for their relief and assistance, General Jordan disappeared from New York, and for many weeks was found working mysteriously along the sea-coast. He recruited and took command of an expedition which reached Cuba in safety, where he was appointed by President Cespedes to organize the Cuban army, and put it on a sound military footing.

Of the manner in which he opposed the Spanish General Puello, during the month of December last, keeping his army under fire for twenty-eight days at a stretch, and how, on New Year's Day, the great battle was fought, resulting in the most glorious victory for the patriots, the daily journals have given full particulars.

The opinion that if General Jordan attained to a position where he could draw the fire of the Spaniard's best officer, he would establish his reputation as a sterling strategic officer, has been fully confirmed. His name is familiar throughout the entire island; it is a guarantee

of victories yet unnumbered, and is second only to that of the plucky, obstinate and confident man who stands at the head of the young Republic—President Cespedes.

COLORED VALENTINES.

The engraving entitled Colored Valentines is exceedingly spirited. It represents a scene in the kitchen of a Southern home. The young girl sitting near the fire-place has guessed, but not correctly, who, of her sable beaux, has sent her Love's missive. The accused is certainly pleased at hearing, "I bet youse sont dis yere Mr. Jonsing." Her true Valentine, standing behind the favorite, does not seem wholly pleased at the mistake.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES AND GOSSIP.

PROFESSOR SONNENSCHEIN states that decomposition of a body, long buried in the ground, is accompanied with a change of dark-colored hair to red.

The number of births in Paris in 1868 was 56,002; of which 39,656 were legitimate, and 15,455 illegitimate—27,973 boys, and 23,029 girls. The deaths were 45,590, or 9,112 less than in births. In the same year 15,596 marriages were celebrated.

A COMMITTEE has been formed in Paris, under the patronage of the Imperial Government, with the object of publishing a *Bibliothèque Internationale Universelle*, that is, a collection of the greatest productions of ancient and modern literature translated into French.

THE vine is cultivated in seventy-nine departments in France, and the annual yield is about 71,000,000 of hectolitres, which, if valued at an average of twenty-three francs, represents the sum of 1,600,000,000. The cultivation and producing of wine in France gives employment to 6,500,000 of people, and the wine trade alone employs 2,000,000 more.

Tiers-Argent is the name given to the most beautiful and useful alloy of silver yet manufactured. It is made by simply melting together two parts of aluminum and one part of silver. It is hard and light, which two qualities, added to its beautiful whiteness, render it very desirable as a material for the fabrication of table furniture. Spoons, forks, goblets, castors, butter-knives, and salvers of this alloy have already come into use in Paris.

THE manufacture of alcohol from reindeer moss, which was set on foot in 1867 by M. Sternberg, Professor of Chemistry at Stockholm, has been carried on to some extent in Sweden, and is about to be introduced into Norway. At present, large quantities of grain and potatoes are consumed in the manufacture of spirits. It is to be hoped that the production of alcohol from less valuable material will tend to ameliorate the condition of Scandinavia, by setting at liberty the large amount of food-stuffs at present destroyed by distillation.

PROFESSOR SEE, of Paris, recently delivered, at the Hôpital de la Charité, a lecture on tobacco. He pointed out that the proportion of nicotine varies according to the kind of tobacco. Thus, that produced in Germany and Alsace contains from seven to three per cent. of nicotine, while that from Havana and Maryland has only two per cent. In small doses nicotine aids respiration, and does not affect the heart, but in larger quantities the professor showed that it produces convulsion of the respiratory muscles, an accelerated and intermitting pulse, and a tremulous condition of the muscles.

IN the Arts, the Chinese have a miscellaneous collection of works on agriculture in all its branches, on war and its methods, on the manufacture of weapons and implements, on painting, writing, engraving, dancing and music, and the management of musical instruments. Archaeological studies have produced a number of treatises on ancient vases, and relics in metal, stone, and earthenware—coins, seals, and rarities in pearl, jade, tortoise-shell, and other precious materials, and indeed every object of civilized life. Even the history of the fabrication of ink, inks, paper and pencils, has been written.

A CURIOUS, and by no means uninteresting, calculation of what may be called the "horse-power" of human hearts—of the pumping-engines, as to speak, which we carry in our bosoms—is as follows: "Blood has very nearly the same specific gravity as water; its pressure at the mouth of the aorta, as measured by gauges, is about equal to a column of water six feet high. The average discharge at each pulsation may be estimated at an ounce and a half, and the number of pulsations at seventy-five per minute, making an aggregate of seven pounds discharged per minute. As the engineer would say, then, seven pounds of water are raised six feet high each minute, or what is the same thing, 42 pounds are raised one foot high in the same time. The power of your heart, then, is forty-two foot-pounds per minute. A horse-power is 33,000 foot-pounds per minute; therefore, your heart does something more than one-eighthundredth part of the work of a horse. This may not seem much, but reckon what it amounts to in a lifetime—calculate what the united heart-pumpings of a city represents. London hearts altogether do the work of some four thousand horses. According to the best estimates of the population of the whole world, the heart-work done over the globe comes out equal to the engine-work that would be required to propel a fleet of over one hundred Great Easterns. An engineer would tell you that to generate steam for this you would have to burn 4,600 tons of coal per hour. This refers to men alone; could we include animals, we should get a prodigious idea of the energy of the world's heart-beatings."

THE GUILLOTINE.

THE guillotine of the present day is smaller, less clumsy and more manageable than its prototype of old, still it is the same instrument, and the modifications which it has successively undergone have changed neither the nature of its mechanism nor its general form. It consists of a square-shaped scaffold, thirteen feet long by about twelve feet six inches wide, supported on four posts six feet in height, and reached by a flight of ten steps. This scaffold is raised in all sides, with an open balustrade, and at two-thirds of its length are fixed two upright parallel posts, surmounted by a crossbeam, which goes by the name of the "chapeau." They are thirteen feet high, and have a space of about fifteen inches between them. The knife, which is attached to the chapeau, is composed of a triangular blade of steel, fixed by

means of three iron pins into a leaden haft, called the "mouton," which gives it great weight. This mouton is nearly fourteen inches broad, and the blade at its greatest width hardly a foot.

At rather more than three feet above the platform are two planks, placed vertically one over the other, and with a semicircular portion cut out of each, so that when they are brought together the opening has the appearance of a full moon. These are known as the "lunette." The lower plank is fastened to the upright posts, while the upper one, sliding in lateral grooves, can be raised or lowered at will. Between the posts and the staircase is the "bascule," a narrow piece of board, which, when at rest, is vertical, but which a mere touch will bring into a horizontal position. In falling it comes on to a solidly supported table, longer than itself, and extending right up to the lunette. The bascule, furnished with castors, rolls along this table, and, by a rapid action, brings the neck of the criminal, who is fastened to it, on to the lower half circle, so as to secure it there. To the right of the bascule, and attached to it by hinges, is an inclined plane, placed so as to rest against the side of an enormous wicker-basket, lined with zinc, and filled with sawdust. Underneath the bascule and the lunette is a trough of oblong shape, and in front of the upright posts is an apparatus which secures the head of the criminal, and prevents it from rolling on to the platform, should it fall from the hands of the assistant charged to hold it. The entire machine, together with its various accessories, is painted a disagreeable deep blood color. The bascule is provided with a double leather strap and buckles, in order to prevent any resistance on the part of the criminal; but this is rarely if ever used. The upper semicircle falls rapidly by means of a very simple piece of mechanism put in action by a button, which it is only necessary to press. The knife is attached to the chapeau by a kind of claw, shaped like the figure 8, the lower part of which opens when the upper closes. A cord hanging near to the button already noticed acts upon a lever, which, bringing the upper portions of the claw together, compels the lower to separate and set the knife free. This latter, sliding through the open space, is accelerated in its descent by the mass of lead that surrounds it, and falls with dreadful rapidity, which is, moreover, increased by the action of polished steel rollers running in copper grooves fixed inside the upright posts. In its fall it just shaves the surface of the lunette, and is finally stopped by two springs covered with disks of India rubber, which deaden the shock and prevent noise. The reader will now comprehend with what simplicity and security the guillotine accomplishes its terrible work. The criminal, having mounted the scaffold, finds himself in front of the vertical bascule, which extends from just above his ankles to the middle of his breast, and facing him also is the lunette, with its movable portion raised. The executioner pushes the bascule, which falls into the horizontal position, and then pushes it along the table; the head of the victim seems, as it were, to thrust itself into the semicircular opening of the lunette, and an assistant immediately seizes hold of the hair. Two things now remain to be done—one is to press the button which acts upon the mechanism of the upper portion of the lunette, causing it to fall and secure the head of the criminal; the other is to set loose the knife which is to cut the head off. On decapitation taking place, the head is thrown into the basket, while the executioner, by a single motion, slides the body down the inclined plane. The rapidity of the motion is almost inconceivable, and death is, as a matter of course, instantaneous. The oblique blade, made enormously heavy by its leaden haft, acts simultaneously by its shape, its weight, and its cutting power. The fall, mathematically calculated, occupies three-quarters of a second. The respective parts played by the executioner's assistants are settled in advance. One of them seizes hold of the head, the other raises the bascule from the bottom, and weighs down the legs of the criminal, while the executioner hastens on the denouement. These combined movements, all differing one from the other, are accomplished by three individuals with a precision and a simultaneousness that prevent the smallest hitch from occurring.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

KOSSUTH is at his autobiography.

TENNYSON is going to Paris shortly.

NAPOLEON and Bismarck use quill pens.

MR. BALFE, the composer, is seriously ill.

ABBE MULLOIS, chaplain to the Emperor, is dead.

NEWMAN HALL declines the D. D. offered by Amherst.

DR. SPENCER, Surveyor-General of New Mexico, is critically ill.

JOHN BRIGHT visited the mountains of Scotland to recruit his health.

SENOR OVIEDO, the bridegroom of the famous Diamond Wedding, is dead.

THE CZAR of Russia has given Columbia College a valuable collection of minerals.

DR. NELATON has gone to Rome for his own health ostensibly—for the Pope's, possibly.

GUIZOT's appetite is so cloyed by devouring dates all day, that he eats but one regular meal.

ERLANGER, the Paris banker, it is thought, owes a great deal more money than he can pay.

GARIBALDI has been made president of a "Washington Club" of Americans at Hamburg.

COUNT BISMARCK is said to be highly elated at the turn affairs have recently taken in France.

THEY say in Paris that Victor Hugo has, after all, made up his mind to return to that city.

THE King of Prussia lives principally on eggs, caviar, milk and very strong French brandy.

IT is announced that Lord Cairns is to be TORY leader in the British House of Lords till Easter.

NAPOLEON III. has been elected an honorary member of the Antiquarian Society of the Rhine.

GENERAL TATE, ex-Minister for Hayti to Washington, will make his permanent residence in this country.

THE King of Greece says that he would rather command a British war vessel than rule his little kingdom.

PRESIDENT McCOSH, of Princeton (N. J.) College, has abolished "hazing" and "raking" in that institution.

GENERAL KARJE, of New Jersey, has been appointed to the chair of modern languages in Princeton College, or that State.

IT is believed at Rome that Dr. Dollinger is condemned by the Church.

A SITE has been secured at Oxford for the erection of a Roman Catholic church, through the munificence of the Marquis of Bute.

PROFESSOR C. H. HITCHCOCK, of Dartmouth College, has been elected a foreign member of the Royal Physical Society of Edinburgh.

LOUIS NAPOLEON is bringing his son up carefully, and with that attention to physical education common in European royal families.

THE oldest English duke is the Duke of Lennox, aged seventy-eight years; the youngest is the Duke of Norfolk, aged twenty-two.

THE poems of George D. Prentiss, some of which were never published, are to be published soon under the direction of his son Clarence.

THE Universal Peace League in France has elected Andrew Johnson, Charles Sumner, Benjamin F. Butler and Horace Greeley honorary members.

THE young Grand Duke of Tuscany has spent three years of authorship upon a book upon the Antilles, the retail price of which is \$250 per copy.

M. VEUILLOT, a Parisian editor, the other day replied to a challenge: "My life belongs to Jesus Christ, and he has none too many defenders just now."

M. EMILE OLLIVIER personally interceded for the men who were implicated in the strike at Aubin, and obtained their pardon from the Emperor of the French.

THE project to erect a statue to the Empress Eugenie, at Amiens, in commemoration of her visit to the cholera patients in that city, has been definitely abandoned.

DISRAELI says there is only one way in which the fatality among the Ecumenical bishops can be arrested, and that is by a dogma declaring bishops to be imperishable.

MRS. GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE is to have restored to her the Washington reliquies taken from the Arlington House by General McDowell during the war, and of late on exhibition at the Patent Office.

On the death of Admiral Sir George Seymour, Queen Victoria telegraphed her sympathy with his family in the following words: "I feel most deeply for you all, and much regret your noble father."

THE King of Burmah intends to present each of the seven hundred and fifty fathers of the Ecumenical Council with a pastoral cross, enriched with gems. That of the Pope is said to be an Oriental masterpiece.

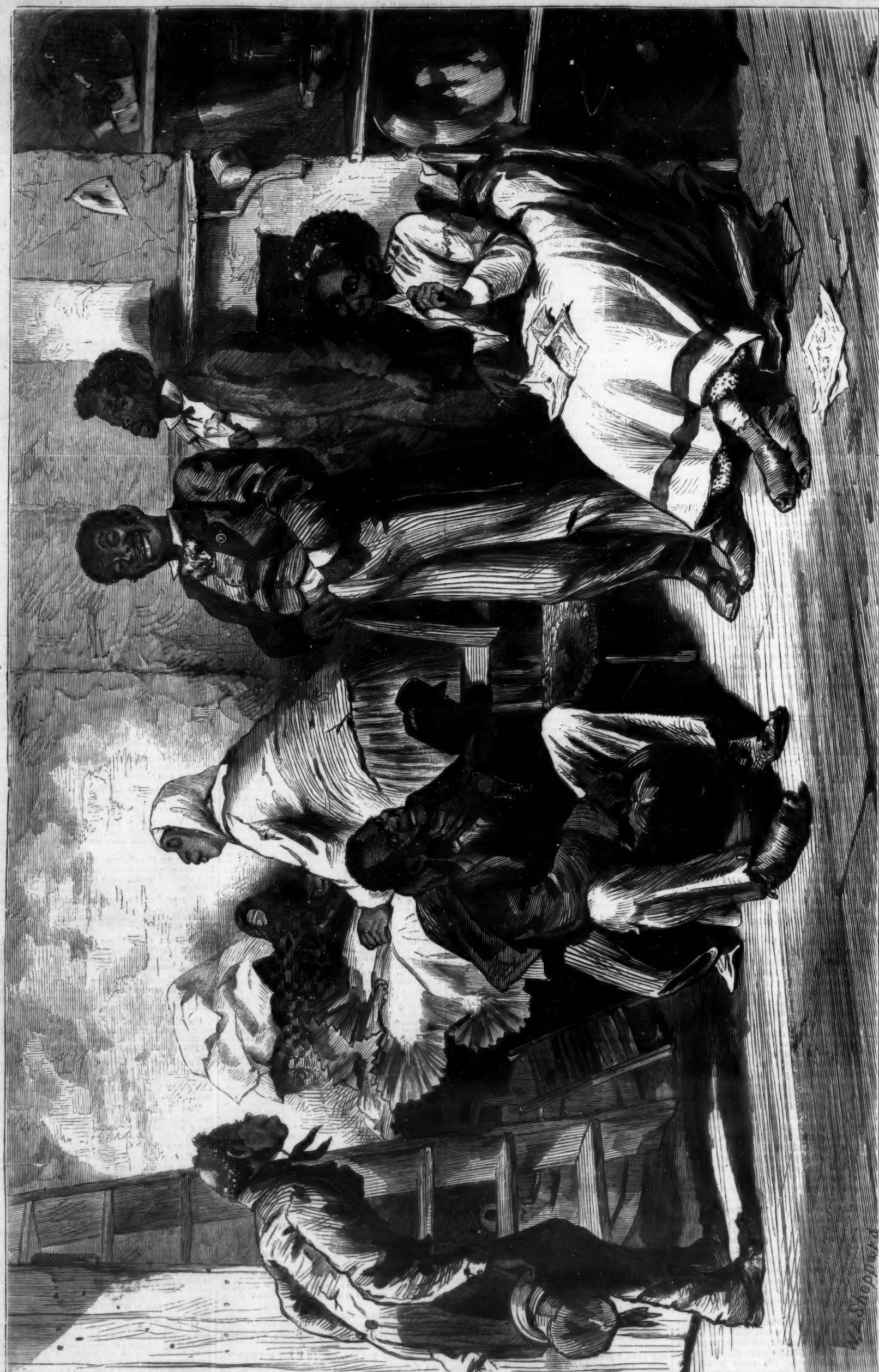
THE Duke de Persigny, Napoleon's old confidante and adviser, thinks that in investing so many prominent Orleanists with official functions, Napoleon the Third signed the death-warrant of the second empire.

"BARRY GRAY," known to his friends and personal acquaintances as Mr. Coffin, has accepted the position of literary editor to the "Eastern State Journal," of White Plains, Westchester County, N. Y., which is close upon its twenty-fifth anniversary.

THE Countess of Derwentwater is still at large in England. Her last exploit was to cause the seizure of a lot of live stock for rent. She promised the people a barbecue if she retained the cattle, and so when the sheriff came to remove them he was driven out of town by a hungry mob.

MR. SAMUEL L. CLEMENS, better known as Mark Twain, has at last ceased to be an aggravation to the susceptible damsels of the crowded audience before whom he has been reciting the troubles of the innocents. He is married to Miss Olivia L. Langdon, of Elmira; and it is even said that he will quit lecturing.

M. GUIZOT is reported having said of the new French Premier: "I feel the greatest sympathy for that young man, and consider it a great piece of good fortune that he has inspired the Emperor with confidence, as he has certainly the country. If he can remain in power only a year, he will become a great Minister."



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.—COLORED VALENTINES—THE FAVERED YOUNG LADY: "I'LL JUS' BET YE SONT DIS VERE ONE, YOUS DID, MISTER JOHNSING!"—From a Sketch by Wm. L. Seppard.—See Page 309.

W. L. Seppard

HIRAM R. REVELS,
U. S. SENATOR-ELECT FROM
MISSISSIPPI.

THE "revenges of time" have never been more severely exemplified than in the rapid social and political changes which have, in the past decade, marked the progress of society in the States that, in 1860, in order to more firmly establish a system of thralldom, to which the unbiased sense of Christendom was obnoxious, arrayed themselves in arms against the integrity of the Republic.

The struggle was for freedom, equality on one side; slavery, degradation on the other. It was the Battle of the Giants—the Dying Past with the Young Present; and the Past, with many a ghastly wound on his darkened brows, went to his grave. Behold the result! Ten years ago, the head and front of the best organized and most audacious rebellion Wrong ever confronted against Right, sat in the councils of the Republic as the Voice of Mississippi. He there wielded an influence that ought to have satisfied his ambition; but, like Lucifer, from that pride of state which Slavery engendered, he fell. Ten years have rolled away, and we find elected to fill his seat, by Mississippi, a representative of the very race he unwisely sought to make forever, in the fertile fields of the South, the "chattel" of his economy. This representative is Hiram R. Revels, who is said to be a man of much energy of character, with excellent and well developed mental qualifications. In his person is centred one of the grandest thoughts of the nineteenth century—the equality of all men before the law.

Mr. Revels was not born a slave, although he first saw the light, forty-seven years ago, in the county of Cumberland, North Carolina. He remained in his native town of Fayette until the year 1844, when he immigrated to Liberty, Union County, Indiana. He was there entered a student in the Friends' Seminary, where he mastered the elements of an English education. Two years later he removed to Ohio, and, completing a full theological course at college, was ordained a minister in the African Methodist Church. At the break-



HIRAM R. REVELS, UNITED STATES SENATOR-ELECT FROM MISSISSIPPI.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

ing out of the war, Mr. Revels removed to Baltimore, where he was entrusted with the conduct of a high school for negro students. While residing in Baltimore, he assisted in organizing colored regiments, and, accepting the chaplaincy of one, was at Vicksburg and other points on the Mississippi.

At the close of the war Mr. Revels located at Natchez, and since then has been Presiding Elder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church for the Southern District of the State. He was appointed a member of the City Council of Natchez by General Ames, and was elected to the State Senate by a large majority over his competitor.

This body quite recently returned him for the short term, as the coadjutor of General Adelbert Ames, to the Senate of the United States, and as the successor of Jefferson Davis.

The personal appearance of Mr. Revels is decidedly prepossessing. He is five feet ten inches in height, weighs one hundred and eighty pounds, and is about three-fourths white. His features are regular, but prominent, and, with his broad expansive brow, indicate large intelligence. In manner he is easy and affable, and takes the honor conferred upon him as humbly and thankfully as General Grant did the Presidency.

**FUNERAL OF THE LATE
GEORGE PEABODY.**

On the first page of this issue of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER we present the last scene of all which ends this strange, eventful history.

On Tuesday, the 8th of February, amid a terrible storm of wind and rain and snow, the remains of the great philanthropist were borne, the cortege moving slowly to the strains of dirge and solemn march, from the South Congregational Church to the family tomb of the Peabodies, in Harmony Grove. The casket containing the body of the deceased had been removed on the previous night from the Peabody Institute to the church, where they were watched, as in the institute, by a guard of honor.

The town itself was clothed in mourning. Not only were the public buildings draped with the em-



ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—WOOD-SHOOTS IN THE SIERRA NEVADA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 404.

blems of woe, but very many of the private dwellings, thus showing the deep respect in which their benefactor was held by the citizens.

Very early on the morning of Tuesday the populace began to collect in the vicinity of the church, the interior of which was also appropriately decorated and darkened. The pulpit, galleries, organ and windows were covered with black, bordered with white, the monogram "G. P." in silver tissue, being placed at regular and conspicuous intervals. The body of the church was filled at an early hour, and among the more distinguished personages who participated in the religious ceremonies, which were of a most impressive character, was Prince Arthur, in the undress uniform of his regiment. There were also present the British Minister, Mr. Thornton, in full court dress; the prince's suite, the Governors of Massachusetts and Maine, and their respective staffs. There were also in the congregation officers of the British and American armies and navies, including Captain Commerell, of the Monarch; Captain Macomb, of the Plymouth, and the staff of Admiral Farragut. At the close of the eulogy, delivered by Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, LL.D., a personal friend of the deceased, and minor ceremonies, the casket was taken up by the guard of honor, and removed to the hearse. As the procession moved—one hundred and twenty-five carriages in line—to the Grove, amid the whirling of the wind and the falling of the snow, bells tolling, and minute guns firing, the effect was as imposing as it was solemn.

At four o'clock in the evening the remains were deposited in the tomb, and the procession returned to the town, where it quickly dispersed.

Our engraving illustrates the moment when the casket, borne by eight citizens, is being carried to the grave.

PARTING.

The summer sky was overcast,
I knew the sunshine would not last;
We mused upon the golden past,
Together.

And then we thought of what might be,
Of all the life-long misery,
The sunless days we should not see,
Together.

And ere I left my happy land,
"This is the last time we shall stand,"
I said, "my darling, hand in hand
Together."

THREE CASTS FOR A LIFE.

BY C. G. ROSENBERG.

PART I.—THE RUSSIAN SERF.

CHAPTER VI.—VARNISH—THE RECEPTION OF AN HONORED GUEST—AN UNANTICIPATED DISCOVERY OF ACQUAINTANCESHIP—THE SON—A FRENCH POPINJAY—THE PURLOINED LETTER—THE OLD MAN AND THE CHILD OF HIS LOVE.

JUSTICE, at any rate, ought to be done to the Boyard.

Civilization may only have varnished him. Let it be admitted, that the process had been carried out well and thoroughly. The varnish had been very artistically laid on. Unscratched, who should detect the Cossack beneath that fraudulent layer, so long as truth had not braised it? Most certainly, not the young Frenchman.

As the reader may have divined, the degree of poetry which has been evinced in his temperament, had not benefited him on the perceptibly practical side.

Practical in his ideas he might possibly be. His perception, unfortunately, lacked practicality of vision.

Hereafter, by attrition with the outside world, he may attain it. But, very certainly, he did not possess it at present. What wonder is it, then, that in spite of all he had heard, he abandoned himself to the almost regal hospitality and barbaric splendor which old Dimitry developed for his entertainment. Moreover, the Boyard liked the young man. Of that, there could be no doubt. Very possibly he relished him, in the same way as an East Indian, exiled to Europe, appreciates curry. Whatever was the cause, De Chateauers recognized this with a quiet sensation of pleasure.

Everything was done, to show that he was a man whom Dimitry delighted to honor.

Quail and snipe-shooting one day, with relays of serfs to drive in the game for the young sportsman—the next, a princely dinner at the aristocratic hour of two, with three of the principal country magnates to meet him. It had to be conceded, that the Russ in the country could outdrink even his brethren at St. Petersburg. Accustomed as he had been to the European drinking of that day—there were four-bottle men at that period—as he was to hold his own with the best, at Wolnaki's hospitable board, here, he was nowhere. Had it not been for his host, who broke up the party earlier than was usual with him, upon his account—he was sure of that—the young Frenchman would have retreated from his seat in a most inglorious fashion, by sliding from it, beneath the table. Upon the following day the serfs from five different villages, Yerkow included, were mustered before him. There were nine hundred, in all, with their wives and daughters. But, although the Starost and Ismail were present, he did not see Flodrowna.

As they passed before the door of the castle, Mallowitz did not respond to his notice, but the mother of the Starost made him a profound reverence.

"Do you know Madame?" inquired Dimitry, with a harsher accent—although a jesting one—than the count had yet heard from his lips.

"I slept at the house of the Starost on my way here."

"Then you—"

The Boyard checked the words which were on his tongue, by so evident a determination, that the blood flushed his features, making them well nigh scarlet by contrast with his rough, white hair. Sudden anger or annoyance had well-nigh cracked the varnish.

"Yes"—replied Henri de Chateauers. "I saw his niece."

"By St. Paul!" began old Dimitry—the varnish was fast breaking, but he controlled himself—"you saw, then, a pretty serf."

At the same time, he glanced at Mallowitz, and as he did so, the Frenchman saw that the face of that individual was whiter, even through the superficial tint, ground into it by long years—in which it had been acquainted with little water and no soap—than the wiry hair of his owner.

Monsieur De Chateauers looked from the one to the other. Lucky, perhaps, was it for the Starost that he did. The Boyard noticed it.

"It was his duty to have informed me, that you did not sleep at the *kabak* of Yerkowa."

Then he turned to Mallowitz, and said with a fiercely imperative gesture:

"You are pardoned."

"May God and the Tsarina—" began the serf.

"Enough—Mallowitz."

These words were more gently spoken. Whether on account of his own presence, or because the gust of wrath had blown over for the time, the French nobleman found it would be impossible to say.

His host was more lively, and were it possible, even more paternally friendly to him, while the remainder of his human cattle were passing, than he had before been.

While they were conversing, however, he saw an even more savage change come over the features of the Boyard than that which had previously disfigured them. They were now, literally distorted with passion.

"This—before my very eyes!" he said. "By the bones of the great Peter, he shall rue it."

The old man leaped from the single step in front of the doorway, on which he had, until now, been standing. He crossed the space before the mansion, to the right, with a rapid and savage stride. Each time that his brass-heeled boot crushed on the turf, it printed on its marks, sharply clear and distinct, as the hoof of a battle-charger might have done in the sworded struggle of its rider for life.

As the glance of the count followed him, he partially divined the reason for that gust of fury which had shaken the Boyard.

A young man was speaking with Mallowitz.

He was scarcely more than his own age. His appearance and quiet summons had drawn the Starost apart from the members of his village.

The sound of his voice had aroused Dimitry, as a trumpet-call might have done a slumbering soldier. Yes! He heard and knew it, low as it had been framed. Family hatred, or family contempt have keen ears.

It was young Dimitry.

When Henri de Chateauers had overheard him speaking with Flodrowna, he had merely been able to trace the vague outline of his form in the deepening twilight. On reaching her side, the son of the Boyard was gone.

Nevertheless, he would have known that face anywhere. Dissimilar it might be, yet the resemblance to the old man was striking. There was the same sharply pointed, yet broadly compressed nose, the same widely receding forehead, the same small and bead-like black eyes—all but the hair. In young Dimitry, it was raven-black. They were the carion-hawk and the falcon! Their eyes betrayed the difference between them. Those of the son were lit by a wavering and unquiet fire. The father's flashed with a clear and scathing light.

"Paul Dimitry!"

"Yes, Boyard?"

The wrath of the old man was lion-like.

His son's voice was cringing, yet menacing, like the cry of the scared wolf.

"What do ye here?"

"I came to speak with my father."

"To what purpose?"

"To tell him—"

With imperative passion, the rough gesture of the Boyard checked his words.

"Are not his purse, his stables, his kitchen and his cellars, all open to your will? All—but his presence?"

So contemptuously savage were these words, and so loudly spoken, that the young nobleman could not avoid hearing every syllable. And yet, he had not followed old Dimitry a single step. They seemed to sting his son physically, as the thong of a Russian whip might have done. His voice became more angrily sullen.

"Yet, his presence shelters a French magpie."

"What?"

"A French magpie!"

The young Russian deliberately repeated these words, accompanied, as he uttered them, with a venomous and sudden glance at his father's guest. Had they been elsewhere uttered, they would at once have been responded to, by him. Scarcely had they been a second time spoken, than the angry roar of the old man followed them.

"It is honored, insolent boy, by that of a brave man."

The emphatic scorn with which the word "brave" leaped from the lips of his father, for a moment cowed Paul Dimitry. Or, it may possibly have been the stride forward which was taken by the Boyard. His son receded a step. Then he again spoke. But his voice was pitched in a more subdued key.

"What is, or should it be to me, whom or what, you take to you?"

"Right. It is nothing."

"I have received a letter."

"From whom?"

"Your daughter and my sister."

"Catharine Dolgorouki!"

"Yes."

"What says she?"

"She comes here, with her husband."

"When?"

The young man hesitated. After a minute or perhaps more, he replied—

"To-day."

"How long since, came it?"

"Three days since."

"And you—"

It was certain that the varnish had cracked. The wild rage of old Dimitry—it may be remembered that he loved his daughter, and that love had probably been augmented by the contempt and loathing with which he evidently regarded her brother—swallowed the passionate words he was about to frame. Paul, however, replied to that which he would have said—

"You have forbidden me your presence—save when my sister, Catharine Dolgorouki, is here. Seeing this—he threw a sweeping and sinister look along the crowd of serfs who had halted where they stood at the commencement of this angry colloquy between their present master and him who would, at no very distant time, own them, "this—this"—he a third time sardonically repeated the word, "fanfaronade, I concluded that the wife of Dolgorouki might have already made her appearance."

"Let my people go"—shouted the Boyard.

De Chateauers saw that his face was literally convulsed with rage.

Then, turning to his serfs, he yelled out savagely, stamping his right foot upon the earth in an access of ungovernable passion, "Asses!" whose mothers I desile—leave me!" Once more he faced his son, who again fell back.

"As for thee, when my daughter writes to me—with a frightful effort to control himself, he thrust back the epithet which his lips were almost shaping, as he remembered that the French gentleman must hear it—"to another than her father, to announce that she proposes visiting him, she dictates, by so doing, the style of her reception." Pausing for a moment, he muttered, with his glowing black eyes fastened on his son's quailing face. "Stay, now, as thou art here."

It was clear to the Frenchman, that Paul Dimitry had not calculated upon producing so fearful an explosion of wrath. All had not been told. He saw this in the cravenly appealing face of the son, as he stepped toward the Boyard.

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that his cockle-shell of a boat was afloat in unknown waters. If the fact must be owned, he had commenced very seriously to doubt whether it had enough stowage to carry the burden with which he intended to freight it.

CHAPTER VII.—DAUGHTER AND FATHER—SPIES
—A SINGULAR CONFIDENCE—“DOES SHE MAKE LOVE TO ME?”—THE STRANGE FRIEND—WHITE HAIR AND AUBURN—THE BROTHER—A READY RIDING WHIP AND A STRONG HAND.

NEARLY two weeks had now passed, since the day on which the young Frenchman had become the inmate of Berenzoff.

If it had not been for the scene between the Boyard and Paul Dimitry, in which he had so unexpectedly become an unimportant assistant—in the same fashion in which a mere spectator assists in the representation of a drama—he would have seen no evidence of the fiercely unscrupulous will which had made old Dimitry so dreaded by all with whom he had been brought in contact.

But for this, he might certainly have considered the inner world of Berenzoff as a quiet and remarkably well-ordered one.

So long as he was obeyed, to his serfs the old man was not a cruel master. Monsieur Henri de Chateaupers would have been his guest for months without suspecting his autocratic absolutism. He would have flirted with Catharine Dolgorouki and gambled with her husband and Paul Dimitry—the Boyard was an exception to the usual lust for high play which characterizes the Muscovite noble—and believed in the external appearance offered him by the habits of the family.

Breakfast had barely concluded, when the countess reminded him that he had placed himself at her disposal for the morning.

The French gentleman had not forgotten it. In another hour, their horses had been brought round to the door of the rambling old manor-house.

Dolgorouki lifted her to her saddle.

She looked round.

“What is the meaning of this?” she imperiously demanded, speaking to her husband, as she glanced at the four serfs who were in attendance, in addition to one of her own Cossacks and the Moujik Ivan.

“Your father ordered them to mount and accompany you.”

“The Boyard forgets himself.”

When she uttered these four words—sharply and incisively pronounced—her brow was contracted, and two fiery red spots blazed upon either cheek. Previously to this, it might have puzzled the Parisian to detect any family resemblance to old Dimitry. The lines of her countenance and the sparkle of her hazel eyes had enough similarity to him, now, at all events, to have asserted her relationship.

“Call Ivan!”

None of the serfs stirred.

They knew whom she demanded. Quite as clearly, they anticipated a scene. Nor was any of them desirous to offer himself as the conductor to the electricity with which they felt that the clouds around them were charged.

De Chateaupers dismounted.

“No—Monsieur le Comte!” Then she turned to her husband. “Do you go—Sapichy!”

The Russian looked as if he would have preferred leaving his mission in the hands of him who had volunteered it. She then bent forward and whispered rapidly in his ear. Dolgorouki, unwillingly enough, to all appearance, complied with her wish.

Shortly afterward old Dimitry appeared.

He was about to speak, but as his lips parted, she addressed him sharply in Russian.

“Does the daughter of Ivan Dimitry require ‘spies’ at her horse’s heels?”

“Spies!”

“I have said it.”

An angry retort had evidently risen to the tongue of the Boyard. But as it did so, his eye fell upon the young Frenchman. With a resolute struggle of his will, he smoothed out the passionate expression which was already wrinkling his countenance.

“My guest”—he said gravely—“shall not a second time see Ivan Dimitry forget his presence.”

Turning to the mounted attendants, he gave them a brief order, and in another instant, the serfs, who had been in readiness to accompany them—with the exception of the Moujik and Dolgorouki’s Cossack—had disappeared in the direction of the stables.

“Are you satisfied?”

“Perfectly so”—replied the countess. Waving her hand with an affectionate gesture of triumph to her husband, she tapped the old man lightly upon the arm with her riding-whip, and shaking her rein, galloped off. When the count was again mounting, he heard the Boyard muttering under his beard.

“Ass that I am”—were the words. “I forget that Catharine is no longer a Dimitry—save in temper and will.”

The atmosphere of that August morning was pleasantly fresh and bracing—exceptionally so, in this portion of Russia. A pearly mist overspread the lower part of the wooded landscape which lay before them, broken by the rising knoll of an occasional hill, and purpled by the distance. When the look of the count wandered round, he felt the keen inspiration of that fresh air. For the last few days, the temperature had been hot and stifling. He rode on at a rapid pace, in order to rejoin Catharine Dolgorouki. Possibly, he may have been surprised to see the imperative manner in which she had rejected the attendance of her father’s serfs, and to hear the epithet which she had applied to them. What did that matter to him? Moreover, he may have been slightly curious as to her destination. But, most certainly, at the moment, he did not suspect in the remotest degree, where the termination of their morning ride might be. Nevertheless, he had not forgotten the blue-eyed peasant, nor that which he had promised her.

His self-unowned love precluded all possibility of this.

Indeed, he had determined, since his increased intimacy with the countess—remembering what Fiodorowna had told him—to enlist her sympathies, and had been revolving, when he reached her side, the manner in which it might be most expedient for him to commence the campaign which he meditated. As he slightly checked Starbeam, the wife of Sapichy Dolgorouki turned to him.

“You have again assisted—Count Henri! at a strange scene.”

De Chateaupers bowed.

“Of course, you must have been astonished to hear me apply such an unpleasant title to the serfs of my father?”

The young Frenchman attempted an abject reply, but she continued:

“Do not deny it. You were so.”

He knew not what answer to make her, and after a brief pause, she again continued—

“It is one of the unpleasant parts of our national life, that ‘espionage’—only politically employed in England, Germany and your own country—is the Russian rule of existence. The ‘spy’ is universal. Sapichy Dolgorouki, my most excellent husband, is a spy on behalf of Biron, Wolinski, the most gracious Tzarina, or any one else from whose favor and power he can make the advantage which may be represented by the fraction of a copek. Paul Dimitry is a ‘spy’ upon his father, for himself, and upon every one else for any one he thinks it expedient to oblige. My father pays his spies, too. In the present case they would have been cheaply bought—by a bottle or two of Russian brandy. Even I—Catharine Dolgorouki, nee Dimitry”—it was with an accent of bitter pride that she uttered her present and former name—“am more than half a ‘spy’ myself.”

When she said the last words, she laughed with a comical expression of contempt, which Henri de Chateaupers felt more than half redeemed the shame of her scornful avowal.

He said so—phrasing it somewhat more smoothly.

“You are wrong,” she ejaculated, mockingly. “The ‘spy’ is ingrained in me, as in them. Have I not already learned that you lingered in the house of the Starost of Yerkowa for nearly two days?”

The count started.

“Why, Ivan and Paul Dimitry both know it.”

“I myself mentioned it to the Boyard.”

“But not how long your visit had lasted”—she replied, with graceful malice. “He had to learn that from Mallowitz.”

“Your interest in me—madame, lays me under a deep obligation,” he replied, stiffly.

“You must not be annoyed with me—my friend”—she said, extending the hand which carried her riding-whip, and placing it gently upon the arm of the count.

“Does she mean to make love to me?” he thought within himself, as his flesh thrilled under the caressing action.

Nor, indeed, would he have objected.

Then, as at all times, love was much more material than the pen of the scribe is accustomed to depict it. From the days of Helen, Aspasia and Phryne to those of the Honorable Mrs. Lais Triplehook, or pretty little Kitty Thousandlove, the flesh has had the mastery over man. It will, in all probability, be so until he turns the leaf at the close of his last chapter. Monsieur de Chateaupers may have felt a deep passion for the blue-eyed peasant—Nay! he doubtless did. Why should he not find room in his heart for the hazel eyes of one or half a dozen more stray fancies? It or they, would merely have occupied his heart more fully.

However, the next words of Catharine Dolgorouki damped out his momentary dream.

“In the dwelling of the Starost of Yerkowa you met with a—why should I not call her so?—a friend of mine—Fiodorowna. She is the niece of Mallowitz.”

It was a strange epithet for the daughter of the Boyard to apply to one of her father’s serfs. The French count felt this, brief as his residence in Russia had been. His fancy of the past few moments also embarrassed him. Had he been older, it is probable that life would have outgrown all such delicacy of feeling.

“Madame, I did”—he said, after a somewhat long pause.

Catharine Dolgorouki turned to the Cossack. “Keep behind us some hundred yards, and see that we are not followed.”

“If the mistress should be?”

“You will at once let her know.”

The Cossack drew in his bridle, and paused in the road like a statue.

“Has your Moujik wit?”

“I think so”—answered Henri de Chateaupers.

“What is his name?”

“Ivan!”

“Ivan!” she cried. “Come here.”

The Moujik approached her.

“When we arrive in sight of the house of Mallowitz, pass behind the village of Yerkowa. You will find a small road—a mere by-path—but sufficient for a horse to follow. Remain there and watch. What you see that you believe we would know—come and tell us.”

The eyes of the serf brightened, as he again fell behind them. He had scented silver.

“You see,” she said, as she and the French count rode on—“I am already teaching you the trade of the ‘spy.’”

For some paces both were silent. Then she once more spoke—

“Henri de Chateaupers—you pretend to love this girl.” When he heard his companion say this, his brow fell gloomily, and yet he would not deny the word which had irritated him. Real love for a serf would have seemed too preposterous—while he was talking with an equal. Let it then pass for pretense! The quick observation of the wife of Dolgorouki had, however, seen that momentary annoyance, as was evident from her next words, when she

continued. “Well, perhaps, you do love her. So does Paul!”

“You know that, too?”

“What can the master’s, or the son of the master’s love, do for the serf who does not love him, save crush her into the very dirt?”

“By heaven! you are right!” he replied.

“She does not love Paul.”

“That were scarcely possible, madame!”

“I know it. At present, the will of the Boyard still stands between her and a destiny she shuns from with loathing.”

With a precise, and therefore a merciless logic, the words of Catharine Dolgorouki had stripped from the position of all the parties the husk of that romance—and there was much—which may have covered it.

She went on speaking.

“I love the girl. You”—when she said this, her eyes glanced scrutinizingly into those of her companion—“well! yes! you do so too. And then my father Ivan Dimitry—to complicate matters—loves her also.”

With the sudden jerk of the count on the bridle rein and his impatient movement in the saddle, Starbeam was irritated. For the next minute or two, Henri was occupied in controlling the Arab’s impatience. When he had done so, he turned to the countess and gave shape to a reflection answering her last words.

“I could have sworn it.”

The hazel eyes of Catharine Dolgorouki expanded with astonishment. Immediately afterward she was almost convulsed with laughter.

“Retain that look, let me pray you, my dear friend”—she cried, impetuously. “Murder, and the whole of the seven deadly sins, are written in it. It is too droll. May St. Nicolas be blessed for allowing my poor eyes to see it.” Suddenly checking herself as she saw the young man’s lowering brow, she continued—“you must pardon me, but the love of Ivan Dimitry for the serf he owns, is not such as yours or Paul’s.” The French nobleman winced as he heard himself thus coupled. Again, the eyes of the countess overran with merriment. “Why, on his last birthday, he returned thanks—or, ought to have done so—for having passed his seventyninth year.”

As the fair young countess put it, the thing really seemed absurd.

However, Henri de Chateaupers had heard of and seen loves more strange than that of the white-haired Boyard for the innocent beauty of his serf. Catharine Dolgorouki saw that he was yet unconvinced. She said to him suddenly—

“You are a man—Monsieur de Chateaupers—with good blood in your veins. Could you lie?”

“No—Madame Dolgorouki!”

In replying to the question she had put to him, the young prince flushed redly in his face.

“I am a woman, but born a Dimitry.”

Her look rivaled his own, in its frank truth.

“I will believe what you tell me.”

“There are reasons why such a love as you have fancied, is impossible.”

“And these?”

“I dare not explain them.”

They were both silent for a short space of time, during which the French nobleman’s head was drooped, so that she could not read the expression of his features. Then he looked up, and extended his hand to the countess.

“Had you said you were a Dolgorouki, madame, I might not have given you my faith.”

Taking his outstretched hand, she grasped it.

“We shall be bons camarades, then.”

Slight and frail as she was, the manner, as well as the expression, was more that of a man than woman.

“And you promise me your assistance.”

“Not yet.”

“What do you mean?”

“Wait and hope.”

They had now arrived at the village. Turning to the Moujik, the countess pointed, across the closely-grown firs behind it, to the scarcely visible track she had alluded to.

Ivan obeyed her implied order.

Shortly after, they were passing through the huts of Yerkowa, when at the door of the kabak they saw a horse standing. It had been well groomed, and its trappings showed that it did not belong to one of the tillers of the soil. Henri de Chateaupers concluded that it had come from the stables of Berenzoff. His companion knew that it had.

Her brow knit, as her brother appeared in the doorway of the kabak.

Since the day when he announced his sister’s arrival to the Boyard, Paul Dimitry had exerted sufficient control over himself, not to appear offensive to the old man. He seemed to attempt no such control now.

“You ride early and far—sister of mine!”

“As you have done—Paul!”

“Why should I not?”

“There is no reason.”

“And were go you—Katinka?”

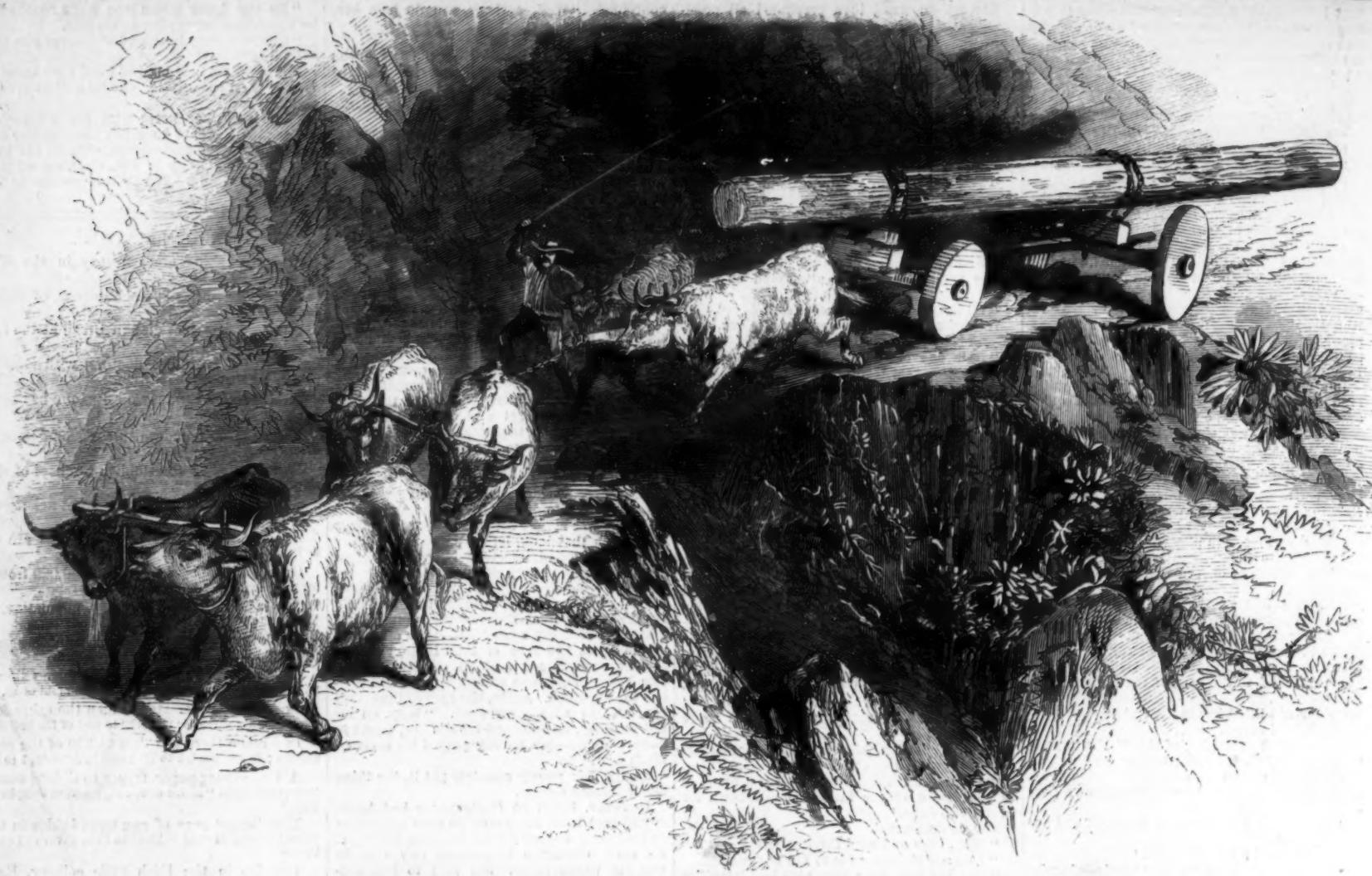
The diminutive, in the tone he employed it in, was an insult. As such, the countess received it.

“To see a dear friend!”

“In the house of the Starost, Mallowitz!”

“It may be.”

“Ha! ha! ha!” shrilly laughed the Russian. “The wife of Sapichy Dolgorouki makes friends with the serfs of Ivan Dimitry. One day, not long from the present, her friend may be there.”



ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—HAULING LUMBER IN THE SIERRA NEVADA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT. OVERLAND SCENES.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX.

In the old days of overland travel by ox-wagon, the emigrant thought he was pretty well off on his journey when he reached Humboldt River. Though the railway now skirts the bank of the stream, the "prairie schooner," as the canvas-covered wagons are facetiously called, has not altogether disappeared. A glance at the picture will show the wagon creeping slowly along the old road, while the locomotive drags its burden upon the iron track of the new. The cañon of the Humboldt is a picturesque locality and reminds the traveler of the passage through the Weber Cañon, a view of which has already been given. The scene has, however, a greater air of desolation, as the mountains on either side are in many places covered with the sage bushes that have extended their domain from the plains. On the Rocky Mountain range the sage bush rarely goes beyond the low ridges and foot hills, but on the western side of the continent it is more ambitious. Humboldt River was in former days the scene of several encounters between emigrants and the Indians, and many persons now living in the West can tell thrilling stories of their adventures. But since the completion of the railway the Indians of that region have been in no way troublesome, and seem to regard the smoke-horse with a great deal of veneration.

One of them explained recently to a traveler who drew him into conversation, that a beast which could run on wheels, and ate nothing but wood, was quite beyond his comprehension, and he wanted nothing to do with him.

On the Pacific Railway, as on all other railways, the locomotives will not do their work unless properly supplied with fuel and water. In several localities along the route, especially in Wyoming, coal has been discovered, and is being utilized. In some parts of the plains the water contains so much alkali as to be injurious to the boilers of the engines, and these wastes often

extend a great many miles, a water train moves along the road daily and supplies the stations.

Where fresh water can be obtained wells have been dug, and the pumping is done by windmills, though in some localities the wind cannot be relied upon to do the work. On the old overland road the water for the teams was sometimes carried fifty or sixty miles, and was very economically used. The emigrants over these regions often suffered greatly from thirst, or what was equally bad, from drinking alkali water. Cattle refuse to drink it until severely pressed by thirst, and when they swallow it they generally swell up and die.

In the Sierra Nevada Mountains there is an abundance of wood, but very often there is great difficulty in making roads to bring it to the places where it is wanted. To remedy this

difficulty, the company erects wood-slides along the mountains, and the force of gravitation carries the wood along at a very rapid rate. The wood-slide is simply an inclined plane, from two to four or five feet wide, constructed of ordinary plank. Its sides are about six inches in height, to keep the wood from going over and stopping on the way, and the planks forming the sides and bottom are joined in such a way that the sticks will not strike against the ends, and so batter them to pieces. The slide is built up the side of a mountain, and all the wood within a convenient distance is cut and thrown into it. The sticks descend with great velocity, and are piled in a confused mass at the lower end. Occasionally persons are killed or severely injured by being struck by these descending missiles. Accidents happen more frequently to white men than to the Chinese

laborers, as the latter are more cautious, and generally keep out of danger, if possible.

Most of these wood-slides are short, generally less than a mile in length, but sometimes they are carried to a much greater distance. Some of them are three or four miles long, and deliver large quantities of wood, at no expense beyond the labor of cutting and carrying to the slide. This system of carrying wood has been in use for years in the West, and is by no means unknown in Northern New York. The first that was ever known in California was in the early days of the gold-mining excitement, when lumber for building purposes commanded high prices. A couple of enterprising speculators secured a tract of woodland near the Sacramento River, but so situated that it would cost a great deal of money to make a passable road. They carried the machinery for a saw-mill to

the locality, and then set it up. As fast as they cut out the lumber they used it in constructing a slide or flume to the river, a distance of four or five miles. The stream that moved the mill was turned into the flume, and furnished an excellent waterway for the planks. They were slid through it one after another, and shot into the river, where they were formed into rafts for transportation to the places where wanted. One day an intoxicated man-of-all-work indulged in a slide down the flume on the upper surface of a wide and short plank. He went from one end to the other at a speed greater than that of the best railway train, and was not at all damaged by the journey, though the shock he received by being dumped into the river at the end of the flume completely sobered him, and removed all desire to repeat the experiment.

For moving lumber in the Sierras these inclined planes are not available, as the great size of the logs would very soon break the slides in pieces. Timber for the snow-sheds of the Central Pacific Railway was cut in the mountains, and drawn by oxen over the roughest kind of roads, which would appal an Eastern teamster. It was not unusual for the teams to become hopelessly stuck, when the drivers were compelled to leave the logs, and were lucky to get away with their wagons. Once in a while a team went over



ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—HUMBOLDT RIVER AND CAÑON.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



NEW YORK CITY.—PHELAN AND COLLENDER'S BILLIARD-TABLE MANUFACTORY, EXTENDING FROM THIRTY-SIXTH TO THIRTY-SEVENTH STREET, NEAR TENTH AVENUE.

a precipice, and was lost, but this was not very often.

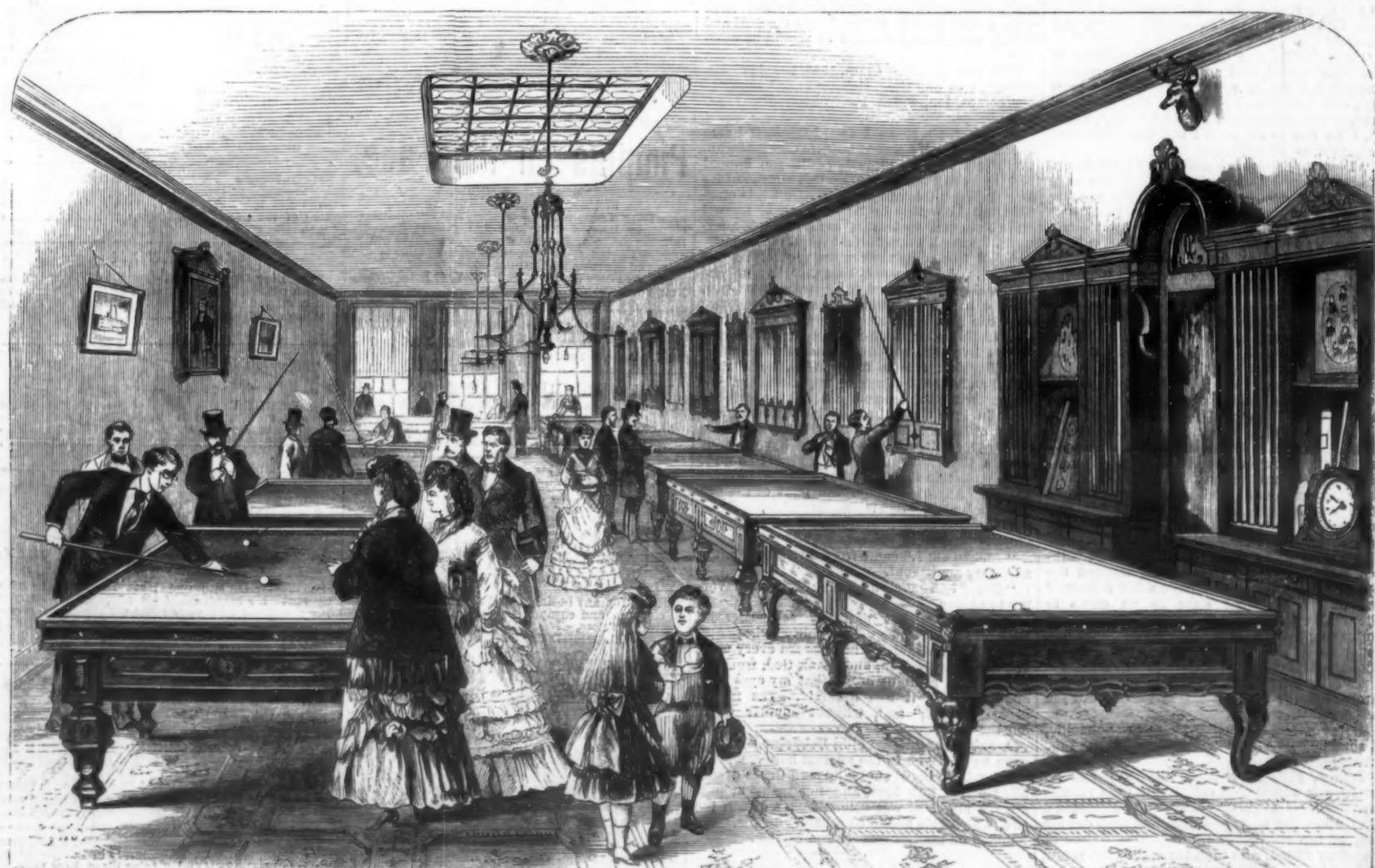
On one of the hills near the Carson River a team was one day rolled into the water, and carried down the stream. By a lucky accident, the oxen were detached from the wagon, and after paddling a couple of miles in a disengaged condition, were brought to land without injury.

MESSRS. PHELAN & COLLENDER'S BILLIARD-TABLE MANUFACTORY.

THE west side of New York city is noted for its mammoth workshops, peculiar to the metropolis, and conspicuous among them is one that can readily be seen by the *voyageur* on the

Hudson River. This imposing building is the manufactory of the leading billiard-table makers of the United States, Messrs. Phelan & Collender, whose warerooms are at No. 738 Broadway. It is five stories high, and covers an area of 100 feet in breadth, by 200 in length. The main building alone is thrice the size of any other billiard-table manufactory in the world, and the improved machinery therein is capable

of turning out four times the number of tables. In the manufacture of billiard-tables, about the construction of which there should be the utmost nicety, a dozen different classes of mechanics are employed. To describe in detail the various processes which the billiard-table has to pass through before it can be put up in a public saloon or a gentleman's parlor would require several columns of space.



NEW YORK CITY.—PHELAN AND COLLENDER'S BILLIARD-TABLE WAREROOMS, 738 BROADWAY.

The woods used in the construction of billiard-tables are mahogany, walnut, birch, laurel, maple, ash, oak, satinwood and rosewood. The average value of the lumber used yearly at this manufactory alone is \$100,000. As soon as received it is conveyed on trucks to the saws, and cut into broad-rails, heads, stretchers, cushion-rails and bed-frames. After remaining on the first floor as long as possible, which is until required to replace stock, the blocks and strips are transferred to the elevator, and raised to the floor above. Here the wood is piled up, and remains to complete the seasoning process begun down-stairs. As soon as it has become thoroughly seasoned, it passes through the several machines, all on the same floor, used for planing, boring, molding and grooving, and then the elevator takes it to the third floor, on which there is at all times stuff for five hundred tables. Although the wood, when it reaches this floor, is sufficiently seasoned for use, the invariable rule is to allow it to remain until the lots which preceded it, and are of course older, are wholly exhausted. The tenoning and mortising machines are on this floor, and also a novel scroll-saw, newly invented. Here, too, the veneers are stored, the value of this kind of stock always on hand ranging from \$5,000 to \$10,000. After being mortised, etc., the wood is transferred to the fourth floor, where the heads are made, the veneers put on the different rails, and all the cabinetwork performed. After the table has been set up, and before the cushion-rails are polished, they are sent to the cushioning department, on the third floor. The cushions are then put on, and covered with muslin, after which the rails are taken to the varnishing room. As soon as the varnish has dried, the rails are returned to the cushion-room, and the cushions covered with fine green cloth. The cushion is Phelan & Collender's latest improvement, patented November 26, 1867, in both England and France, as well as the United States, and now being exclusively used upon the tables of seven established manufacturers. The manufacture of this cushion, which combines great elasticity and speed with the most accurate reflective power, is one of the most delicate processes known to the arts. As regards durability, this cushion stands pre-eminent.

LOVE AND REASON.

"For we that love, ah! we love so blindly—
Philip, my king."

AS THESE words were uttered, a pair of soft, dark eyes looked coquettishly up into the pale, earnest face of a young gentleman who, in dressing-gown and slippers, was evidently playing the part of invalid. Both expression and intonation were perfect. There was a touching pathos about the melodiously-modulated voice which went straight to the listener's heart, although she evidently tried to conceal all emotion. The poem was finished, the book closed, and a little hand, upon which a solitaire diamond sparkled and scintillated, shyly found a resting-place in the larger palm of her lover.

"For we that love, ah! we love so blindly," repeated the invalid, with a sigh. "That is true, Clara. Love cannot always have its seat in reason. Some of the truest love in the world is unreasonable. They ask us to have our worship in reason, who submit that for everything we should have proof. I love you, and more unreasonably than any man ever loved in the world, because realizing that you do not fully reciprocate. It is madness! Still, 'we that love, love so blindly—Clara, my queen.'"

"Why, Philip, you are strangely unjust. If you were not ill, and entitled to an invalid's privileges, I should spoil my eyes with a good cry; but I will wait until you are well, and then, if you dare insinuate such a thing, I will—oh, I do not know what I will do—something desperate, at all events."

"Your very flippancy proves the truth of my statement; and then again, Clara, if you were confined to the house by illness, do you suppose I could find any pleasure at the theatre or opera? do you suppose I could experience a moment's peace even away from your side?"

"Now, Phil, what is the use talking about that? You know the circumstances were peculiar. It was an invitation of long standing, and I should have offended an old and valued friend had I refused." And the voice of the young lady took on an injured tone, which she evidently supposed would have the desired melting effect; but he kept on:

"Yes, and lost an opportunity of displaying your new ermine and diamonds. I understand it all perfectly, dear; and yet I love you."

Philip Delmaire, on a visit to his betrothed, Miss Clara Evans, had been taken suddenly ill, and was just now in that peculiar stage of convalescence when the least inattention seemed especially annoying; and truth compels us to state that he had had good and sufficient reasons for the feelings which prompted the utterance of the above remarks.

"Is that you, Grace?" inquired Clara, without looking up, as a new-comer entered the apartment. "I hope you have a few moments' leisure. I promised Kate to go down to Stewart's with her this afternoon, and assist her in making her winter purchases; so do try and entertain Phil. I give you fair warning, though—he is awful cross."

The warm crimson rushed to the neck and brow of the young lady thus addressed, but she answered pleasantly:

"If I can be of any service to Mr. Delmaire, I shall be only too glad to remain during your absence."

"Now, Phil, be a good little boy, and I'll bring you some nice taffy." And the volatile maiden bent over the chair, and imprinted a kiss upon the upturned lips, and then danced out of the room. Philip Delmaire sighed as the door closed, and then turning to the young lady, who stood evidently undecided as to her welcome, said:

"Clara has been reading to me from Miss Muloch's exquisite volume of poems. Won't you favor me by selecting something?"

"Certainly, Mr. Delmaire, but not from that book. Let's have something jolly. What do you say to Hood's 'Bachelor's Dream.' And Grace read the lines with infinite force and drollery.

"I suppose I ought to laugh," said Phil, musingly. "You certainly rendered the poem finely, but, upon my word, it has given me the blues, and I will tell you why. So many men have similar dreams—waking dreams, to be sure, but none the less reliable—and they take no notice of them, and finally drift along into lives of misery and wretchedness unutterable. What do you think of these inward premonitions, these qualms of conscience, sometimes so entirely unexplainable?"

"I believe, sir, they should always be heeded." And the reader laid aside her book, and looked her companion full in the face. "I believe, sir, that the man or woman who is not governed by these keen, these more than keen, these intuitions, which sometimes, I believe, are angels' voices sent to guide and direct us, must of a necessity reap the consequences of such negligence. If we all were to act up to our highest convictions of duty, we should not go very far astray, I think."

"Then you believe in carrying reason into affairs of the heart, do you?" inquired Phil, without looking up.

"Most of all there. That men and women do not listen to the voice of reason in these matters is attributable to the wretchedness of ill-assorted marriages, and that disgrace upon our civilization which all high-minded persons deplore—divorce. But excuse me, Mr. Delmaire. Please select something, and I will read. I had no idea of being tempted into delivering a sermon."

The two hours passed quickly. Philip, fascinated though he was by the beautiful Clara, had scarcely missed her, and was compelled to acknowledge the superiority of this intellectual entertainment over any that Clara had been able to offer him; and yet Grace Carter was only a poor relative, whom Clara's father and mother sheltered and fed for the equivalent she could furnish in sewing, and teaching the younger members of the family.

"A girl of great culture, and exceedingly high-toned," was Philip's mental criticism, as the young lady took her departure. "I wish Clara understood herself as thoroughly, and could converse like her. But, ah, me! we that love—ah! we love so blindly. I don't care so much about intellectual gifts, after all, if the heart is only right. A fellow ought to be sure of that."

Philip Delmaire leaned back in his chair, and endeavored to reason himself out of the strangely suspicious frame of mind into which he had fallen ever since he became an inmate of the Evans family; but it was no use. He, however, dismissed the subject by deciding that, like all ardent and enthusiastic lovers, he expected too much of the woman of his choice. Clara would finally settle down, and become home-loving and matronly. With these thoughts uppermost, our young gentleman, for the first time since his illness, crossed the hall and entered the library, with the intention of selecting a book and returning immediately. Loud talk in the next room attracted his attention.

"I don't care," said a voice he recognized as that of his betrothed. "Do you suppose I am going to be such a confounded simpleton as to stay poked up in that room all the afternoon with a sick man? I should hate the best and richest man in the world if he should be often ill."

"Do you suppose, Clara, that you love Mr. Delmaire at any time, sick or well?" inquired her companion, which Philip soon discovered to be Grace.

"No, I don't think I do. I think, if I care at all for any man, that man is Charlie Swan. Oh! don't he sing divinely! Do you know I had to keep hushing him up this afternoon for fear Phil would hear his voice. Oh! it is magnificent! Wouldn't he be raving if he knew I hadn't stepped foot out of the house this afternoon. I think I must be a natural diplomat."

"Call things by their right names," replied Grace, in deep, earnest tones. "Say natural liar, and you will have come nearer the truth. How can you be guilty of such falsehood? How can you deliberately deceive an honorable, truth-loving, high-minded man? If you do not love him, why don't you tell him so?"

"Shouldn't I be a fool? Why, he is rich, and handsome, belongs to upper-tendom, has an elegant establishment, and all the girls are dead in love with him, and he is fond of me. What difference does it make who a woman marries? I intend to flirt and have just as good a time after I am married as I do now, and woe betide the man who plays cold or fever on me. Anything under the light of the sun but a sick man. Bah!"

"You are both heartless and unprincipled, Clara Evans, and I am ashamed of you."

"And so am I," came from a rich bass in the adjoining apartment.

"Mercy! That's Phil," said Clara, endeavoring to escape.

Philip, pale, but perfectly self-possessed, stood in the presence of the guilty girl.

"Clara," he said, "I have heard every word of your conversation, and thank God, from the depths of a grateful heart, that my eyes were opened before it was too late. The foolish dream is past," and, without another word, left the apartment.

A half hour after, Philip Delmaire and luggage were driven to the nearest hotel.

Friendship between Philip and Grace gradually ripened into love, and not many months after, a marriage was solemnized between the two, which bids fair to be a happy one, because founded on mutual respect and esteem.

Hair 'em, scare 'em affairs—Modern chicanes.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

EARLY pearl—Babies' teeth.

MEN who dot the i's—Pugilists.

THE pale of society—The blondes.

A MAN "full of promise"—A godfather.

A nose by any other name would smell as well.

ROLLING stock—Capital invested in bowling alleys.

WHAT is the form of an escaped parrot? A Polly-go.

A POST-MORTEM examination—Opening a dead letter.

A ROMANCE of the middle ages—An old maid's love-letter.

ASSessors of Internal Revenue—Wives who rifle their sleeping husbands' pockets.

WHY are kisses like creation? Because they are made out of nothing, but prove to be very good.

CAN Moore's description of the outcast Peri in "Lalla Rookh" be called an ex-periment in poetry?

"THERE is good slaying out here this season," said an old frontiersman, as he scalped his fifteenth Indian.

CITIES spring up like mushrooms "out West. A traveler at Chicago, finding that all the hotels were full, guessed "that he would sleep out on the prairie." This accordingly he did, and found, when he awoke in the morning, that a hotel had been built over him.

A NEW physiological discovery has been made by a young man—namely, that the pulse of young ladies generally beats stronger in the palm of the hand than at the wrist. As to more elderly females, even little boys know by stern experience that the palm of the maternal hand beats awful strong.

A POET, too truthful to live long, once wrote of fashion:

"They braced my aunt against a board,
To make her straight and tall;
They laced her up, they starved her down,
To make her light and small.
They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,
They screwed it up with pins;
Oh! never mortal suffered more
In penance for her sins."

AN ITINERANT merchant meeting one of his own fraternity the other day, whose pony might be considered a beautiful specimen of a skeleton, remonstrated with the owner, and asked him if he ever fed him. "Ever feed him? that's a good un," was the reply. "He's got a bushel and half of oats at home, now, only he ain't got no time to eat 'em."

"MADAME," said a husband, to his young wife, in a little altercation, which will spring up in the best regulated families, "when a man and his wife have quarreled, and each considers the other at fault; which of the two ought to advance toward reconciliation?" "The best-natured and wisest of the two," said the wife, putting up her mouth for a kiss.

A RICH old miser, finding himself very ill, sent for a person to administer the last consolation of the church to him. Whilst the ceremony was performing, old Gripewell falls into a fit. On his recover, the doctor offered the chalice to him. "Indeed," cries he, "I can't afford to lend you above twenty shillings upon it—I can't, upon my word!"

THE YOUNG AUTHOR.

Oh! print not his name, let him keep in the shade, Till, old and unhonored, his brain has decay'd; Keep him silent and dark, lest his books should be read, And the chance of success will pass over his head. But the beggar still writes, though we won't let him reap; If we drag him with slander, he talks in his sleep; And the cheers that we dread, though now faintly they roll Shall grow loud with applause, beyond critic's control.

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- 1st.—The Ball of the Foot.
- 2d.—The Low Instep.
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- 6th.—The Calf.

Fig. A



Fig. B

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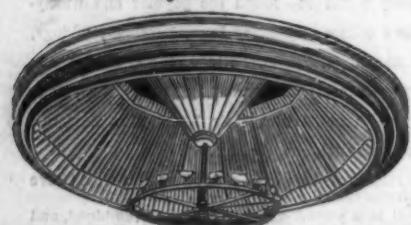
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